

THE TWILIGHT ZONE ■ THE EDELMAN

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Memories

The Magazine of Then and Now

October/November 1989 \$1.95 £1.50

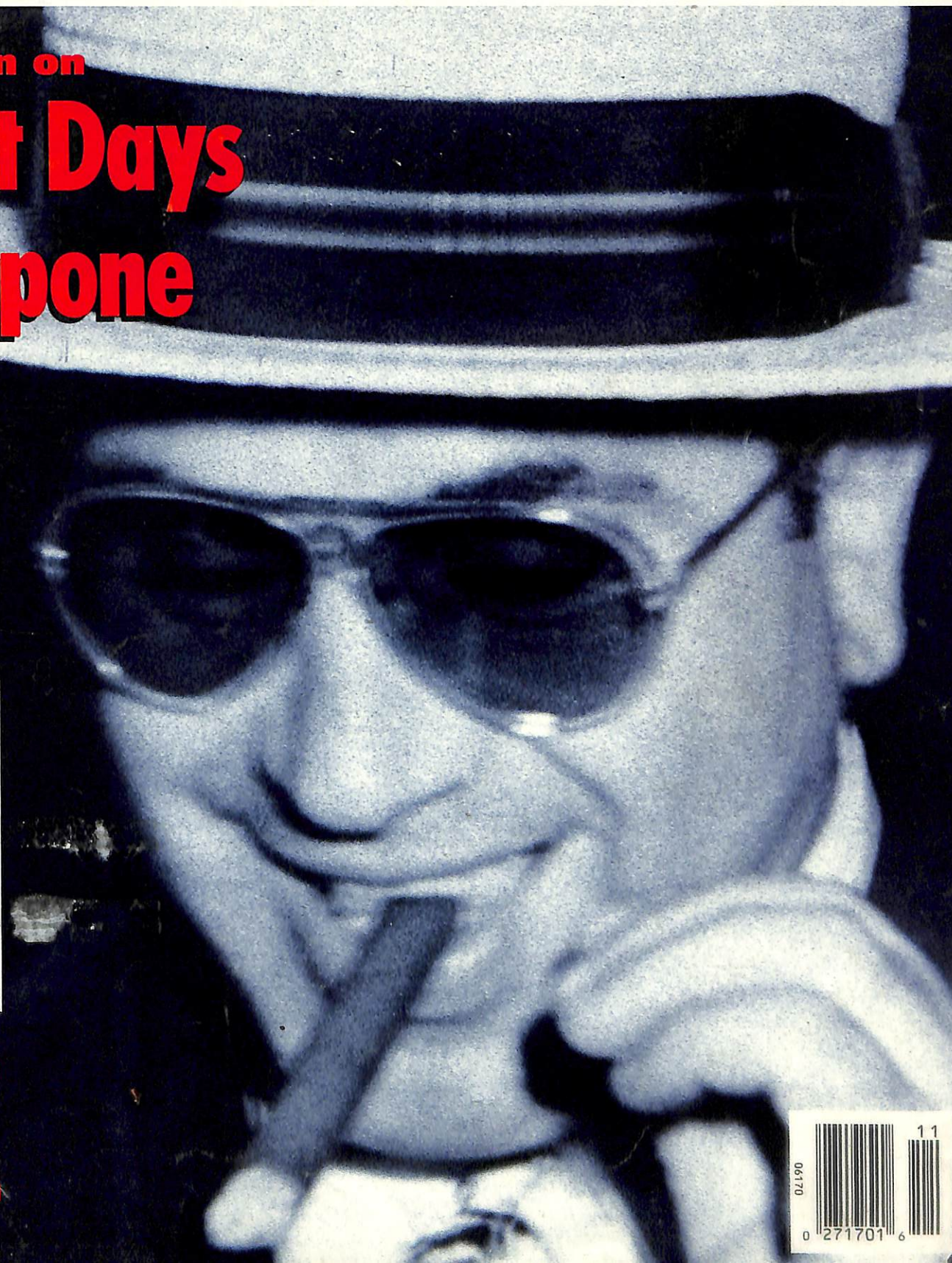
Edna Buchanan on
The Last Days
of Al Capone

Seymour
Hersh
on My Lai



Garson Kanin
on "Adam's Rib"

Willie Morris
on the Old South
and the New

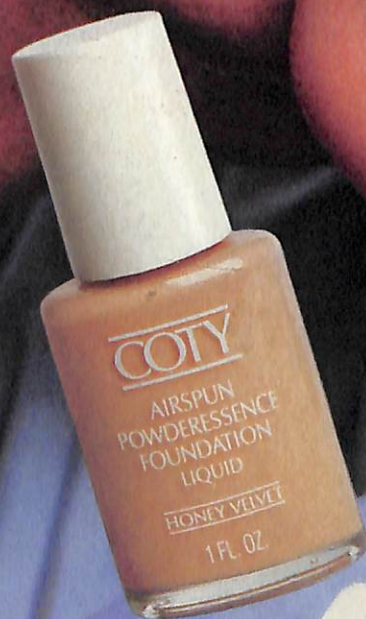


A wide-angle, high-angle photograph of a baseball stadium at night. The stadium is filled with a large crowd of spectators. The field is visible, with players in blue uniforms positioned around the base paths. A large, three-dimensional red "J&B" logo is placed on the infield grass near the pitcher's mound. The sky is dark, and the stadium lights are on. The text "J&B at home." is superimposed over the center of the image.

J&B at home.

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then transforms—to a soft matte
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© 1988 Coty N.Y. Available in Canada. Susan is wearing Airspun Powderessence in Honey Velvet and Coty '24' Luminescent Lipstick in Mimosa.

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If you're more active than you've ever been, you don't want to let aches and pains slow you down. Well, you can count on the pain relief you get from BUFFERIN. BUFFERIN contains a strong dose of 100% aspirin to take care of your pain fast. So you can do the things you want to do. And it's nice to know that BUFFERIN has buffers to help protect against stomach upset plain aspirin can cause. When you ache, take BUFFERIN.

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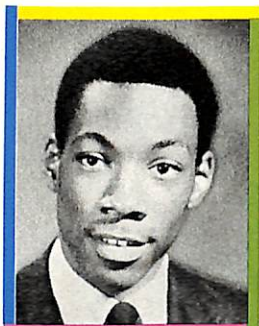


So you can do the things you want to do.

Memories

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER FIVE, OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 1989

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ISSN 0898-9184; copyright © 1989 by DIAMANDIS COMMUNICATIONS INC. All rights reserved. Printed in the USA. MEMORIES, October/November 1989, Volume II, No. 5. Published bimonthly by Diamandis Communications Inc. Editorial and executive offices at 1515 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036; (212) 719-6000. SUBSCRIPTIONS: U.S. and possessions, \$9.97 per year; Canada, \$12.97; all other countries, \$13.97, cash orders only, payable in U.S. funds. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. 10001 and at additional mailing offices. PERMISSIONS: Material in this publication may not be reproduced in any form without permission. Requests for permission should be directed to Charles J. Lillis, Product Merchandising, Diamandis Communications, Inc., 1515 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036. POSTMASTER: Please send change of address to MEMORIES, P.O. Box 57410, Boulder, Colo. 80322-7410.

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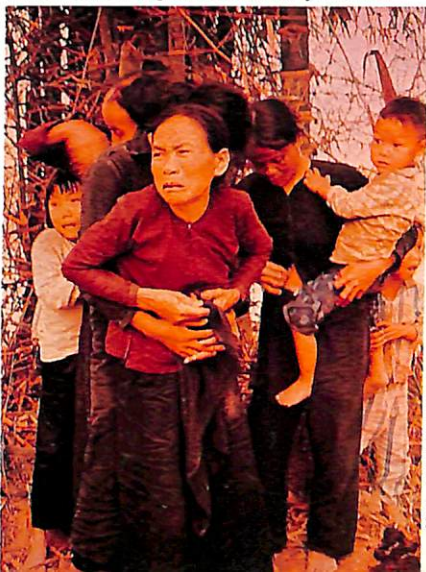
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RON HAEBERLE © 1969



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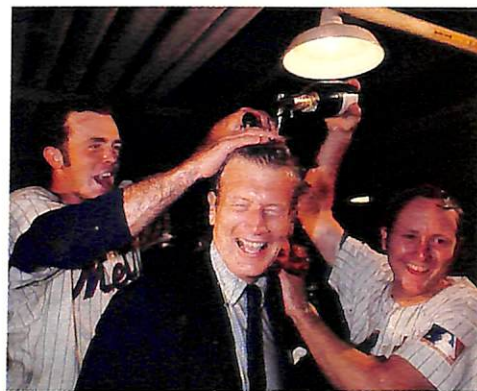
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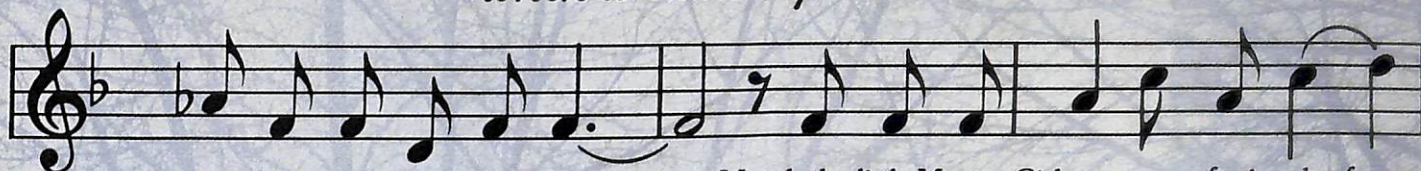
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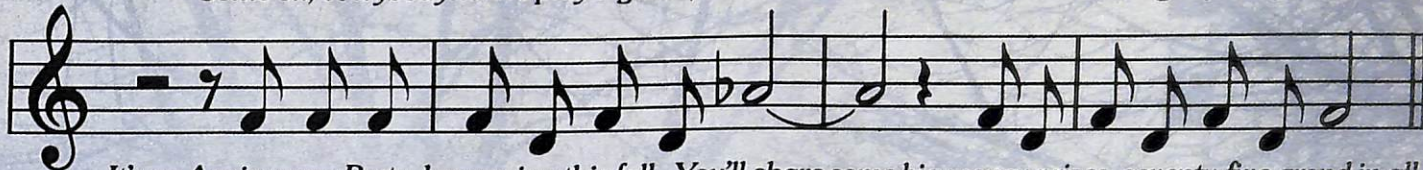
BY DELPHINE TAYLOR

PLAY THE MORTON SALT GIRL 75th Anniversary RAIN GAME

when it rains it pours®



Come on, everybody... let's play a game, Match the little Morton Girls to songs of rainy day fame.



It's an Anniversary Party, happening this fall, You'll share some big money prizes, seventy-five grand in all.

For your very first girl, look for curls
and a bow...

Find the little girl whose umbrella handle
nearly reaches her toe.

It's spring, the notes declare...

'n' violets are blooming everywhere.

Then the skies turned grey,

yet Miss Morton didn't worry or fret.

With a smile and her umbrella,

her blue shoes would never get wet.

In her frilly dress, big bow in her hair,

she makes a rainy day seem quite fair.

Oh come, everybody, walk in the rain with her.

Don't let her be alone and blue -

we know you care.

Bring the sun to her heart,

Make it shine like her golden hair.

The last of our little girls has a different air...

with a lavender umbrella,

and very straight hair.

She never complains over her rainy day job -

Even when it dampens her bob.

How to pair the right Morton Girl with the right rain song

The Rain Game song verses give clues to help you match one of the four Morton Girls on front to one of the rainy day songs in our list. Each lyric places the right Morton Girl and the right song together. Look for words that tie to the title, or a well-known phrase of the song, and tie to some feature of the Morton Girl who was on the package at that time. Once you've played our game, you can verify it easily because we have printed the correct answers at the bottom of the page. Send us your correct answers on the form at the right and you'll be in the drawing for our exciting anniversary prizes.

Match Our Rainy Day Songs...

"April Showers"

...a favorite of 1921 with Girl no.?

"Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella"

...tops in 1927 with Girl no.?

"Just Walking in the Rain"

...popular in 1956 with Girl no.?

"Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head"

...best of 1970 with Girl no.?

Win one of 1,033 prizes worth \$75,000

1 Grand Prize: Choice of a 1914 Model T Ford or a 1989 Ford Thunderbird

2 First Prizes: Choice of a modern Player Piano with early 1900's styling or a Grand Piano

5 Second Prizes: Choice of a 50's Jukebox replica or an Audio/Video Entertainment System

25 Third Prizes: Choice of a replica of an old-time "Cathedral" Table Radio or a Sony Cassette Player/Radio

1,000 Fourth Prizes: Morton Girl Umbrella with push-button opening and closing feature



MORTON GIRLS #1

#2

#3

#4

The correct combinations are: "April Showers" with Girl #1; "Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella" with Girl #4; "Just Walking in the Rain" with Girl #2; "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head" with Girl #3.

PLAY THE MORTON SALT GIRL 75th Anniversary

RAIN GAME SWEEPSTAKES

Celebrate the 75 years the Morton Salt Girl and the slogan "When It Rains, It Pours" have shared the Morton Salt package.

OFFICIAL RULES

No Purchase Necessary

1. To enter, hand-print your name and address (with zip code) on the official entry form and, next to each Rainy Day song, correctly match the Morton Girl (No. 1, No. 2, No. 3 or No. 4) with the song popular at that time. (See girls pictured in this ad or on displays at participating stores.) Also enclose the UPC code number from a Morton® Salt 26-oz. package, or on a 3" x 5" paper, hand-print the words: The Morton Salt Girl "75th Anniversary Rain Game." Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately to: Morton Salt "75th Anniversary Rain Game," P.O. Box 1229, Skokie, IL 60076-8229.

2. Sweepstakes starts 8/15/89 and closes 3/31/90. Entries must be received by 3/31/90. Morton Salt is not responsible for lost/late/mishandled mail. Winners will be drawn at random on 4/30/90 by an independent judging firm whose decisions are final. Winners will be notified by mail by 6/15/90. Entries are the property of Morton Salt. None will be returned.

3. All prizes will be awarded. Grand, First, Second and Third Prize winners have a choice of one of the two prizes offered in the applicable prize category.

1 Grand Prize: 1914 Model T Ford Coupe or 1989 Thunderbird Coupe with standard equipment; approx. retail value \$15,000 each. 2 First Prizes: Schaefer Player Piano or Schaefer Condo Grand Piano; approx. retail value \$9,600 each. 5 Second Prizes: Rock-Ola Nostalgia Jukebox or Fisher Audio/Video Entertainment System (27" TV, 150 Watts Stereo, VCR, CD Player); approx. retail value \$5,000 each. 25 Third Prizes: Randix Cathedral Radio or Sony Cassette Player/Radio; approx. retail value \$70 each. 1,000 Fourth Prizes: Morton Girl Push-button Open/Close Umbrella; approx. retail value \$15 each.

Approximate total prize value: \$75,950. Number of entries received determines winning odds. One prize per person. If a prize is not generally available at sweepstakes end, a substitution of equal or greater value will be made at Morton Salt's choice. \$15,000 may be substituted for the Grand Prize; no other prize substitutions or transfers.

4. Sweepstakes open to U.S.A. residents 18 years or older. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, State and local laws/regulations apply. All Federal, State and local taxes are winners' responsibility. By entering, winners consent to use of their names and likenesses for publicity and advertising purposes by Morton Thiokol, Inc. without additional compensation. Employees of Morton Thiokol, Inc., its affiliates, advertising agency, judges and their immediate families are not eligible. Proof of eligibility and release from liability may be required. For major prizewinners list, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Rain Game Winners, P.O. Box 1225, Skokie, IL 60076-8225. Sponsor: Morton Salt Division of Morton Thiokol, Inc., Chicago, IL 60606-1555.

The Morton Salt Girl "75th Anniversary Rain Game" Sweepstakes Entry Form

Complete this entry by combining the correct Rainy Day Song with the right Morton Girl. Send to:

Morton Salt "75th Anniversary Rain Game"
P.O. Box 1229
Skokie, IL 60076-8229

April Showers Girl no. _____

Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella Girl no. _____

Just Walking in the Rain Girl no. _____

Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head Girl no. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____



Morton Salt
Division of Morton Thiokol, Inc.
Chicago, IL 60606-1555

FROM THE EDITOR By Carey Winfrey

Past Imperfect

The time has come to talk about the n-word.

My dictionary defines it as "a wistful or excessively sentimental yearning for the past." Which is why I get cranky when I hear MEMORIES described—even by our friends—as a *nostalgia* magazine. Excessively sentimental? MEMORIES?

Oh sure, we occasionally run pieces with nostalgic refrains. Willie Morris's evocative essay in this issue ("Southern Comfort") sounds some wistful notes. But "excessively sentimental"? Not guilty, your honor.

Most of our pieces are aggressively *unsentimental*, crafted, like all good journalism, out of research and reporting.

And while we find much to celebrate in the last half-century—Rockefeller Center, *Adam's Rib*, *The Twilight Zone*—we neither revere the past nor yearn to return to it. Rather, we look back in order to better understand the present, even—pardon our presumption—to enrich the future.

In recent issues we have covered the assassination of JFK, the rise of Fidel Castro, the "unwitnessed" murder of Kitty Genovese, the Abe Fortas scandal, the public image of Adolph Hitler on the eve of the World War II and the continuing fact of racism in America, to name just a few of the stories about which we feel absolutely *unsentimental*.

Any remaining doubt about our clear-eyed approach to the recent past should be dispelled by our treatment, in this issue, of the tragedy at My Lai, where American soldiers massacred Vietnamese civilians, many of them women and children. The story that Seymour Hersh broke 20 years ago (and for which he won a Pulitzer Prize) made all Americans think about what the U.S. was doing in Vietnam. There was no consensus then. There is more now.

But My Lai continues to be so painful a story that some of you will ask, without malice, why it is necessary to listen again to these disquieting echoes from our past.

The answer, of course, is because it happened. Because, with the help of time and time's perspective, we may now be able to come to terms with the tragedy in ways not possible when it happened. And, most important, because it must not happen again.

I cannot guarantee that reading our My Lai report, of which reporter Hersh's recollections form the major portion, will yield an understanding of an event so resistant to comprehension. But I can promise that no one will read it without learning something new. That, it seems to me, is ample justification.

We are delighted that Hersh chose MEMORIES as the venue for his reflections. Delighted, but not surprised. After all, it's not as if we're a nostalgia magazine.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY BARBARA KINNEY

Hersh: Disquieting echoes.

Carey Winfrey

CHOCOLATEY
Creamy
CHEWY
CRUNCHY



**Almonds like you never
tasted them.™**



Mars Bar © Mars Inc. 1989

LETTERS

Memories



Credit Lines

Sharing Tears

I WOULD LIKE TO EXTEND MY admiration to Shirley Povich, who did a masterful job on the story about Lou Gehrig ["The Iron Horse"]. I enjoyed every part of the article and even found myself crying along with the 61,808 Yankee fans on July 4, 1939.

CHANTALE LEE
Santa Ana, Calif.

MY APPRECIATION TO SHIRLEY Povich for the article recalling the life and career of Lou Gehrig. Perhaps I am too sentimental, but I was disappointed that only a passing mention was made of his wife, Eleanor, who faithfully patronized Yankee games for nearly 44 years after Lou's death. She never remarried, once remarking that one doesn't think of remarrying when "you've had the best." We will not see their like again.

JAMES A. CRAVEN
Duluth, Ga.

Errors of War

I DO ENJOY YOUR MAGAZINE. However, I am confused about an item in "40 Years Ago," for June and July 1949. You indicate that was when the last U.S. combat troops left Korea. But researching reflects that they did not arrive until 1950 and left in 1953.

MICHAEL G. LOSCH
Long Beach, Calif.

IN YOUR "50 YEARS AGO" section you correctly stated that Cuba turned away the liner St. Louis with 907 German Jewish refugees aboard. What you failed to mention was that they were also turned away by the United States under President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

ROBERT S. KENNEDY
Camarillo, Calif.

Compound Interest

TED MORGAN'S ARTICLE, "What We Thought of Hitler," featured reprints of three of my grandfather's cartoons. Yet nowhere was any mention made of the creator of those cartoons, Edwin Marcus. The only credit given was to *The New York Times*, which holds the copyright on the drawings . . . My grandfather did indeed work for the *Times* for 50 years and was proud of it. But he worked in a different era, when the owners held all the cards. Omitting his credit now compounds the injustice.

DONALD MARCUS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Spellbinding

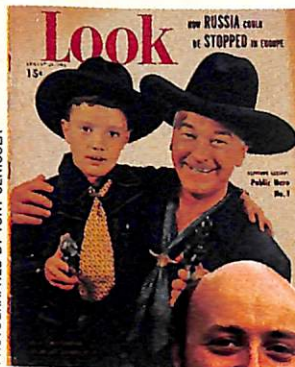
IT SEEMS FITTING THAT I purchased my first copy of *MEMORIES* in June 1989, around the time I celebrated my 30th birthday. When Eisenhower and Elizabeth II were opening the St. Lawrence Seaway and the Postmaster General was banning *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, I was just coming into this world. Henry Mitchell's "Fate at the Wheel" was wonderful, capturing the

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essence of not only the articles in the issue, but the magazine itself. Your magazine has managed to make history—which some of us think of in terms of memorizing dates and capitals—more spellbinding than one of Mary Higgins Clark's mysteries! I have recommended MEMORIES to several history-teacher friends as a teaching aid.

R. LYNNE BOYD
Memphis, Tenn.

Hoppy Reminiscences



Hall, then
and now.

I WAS SURPRISED TO SEE MYSELF sitting on Hopalong Cassidy's lap on an old *Look* magazine cover. My mother told me many times that I was on the cover of a magazine with Hoppy, but she said it was *Life*. So for years I looked in vain for that elusive cover. Thanks for finally solving a family mystery. I wish I could have smiled more in the photograph. I guess I never knew that it was going to be seen by so many of Hoppy's other young fans.

ROGER L. HALL
Stoughton, Mass.

Chappaquiddick

REGARDING YOUR "CHAPPA-quiddick Update" . . . Mary Jo Kopechne's tragic loss was not in vain. She did save this country from a Ted Kennedy Presidency.

JAMES E. WISE JR.
Alexandria, Va.

I CONSIDER YOUR CHAPPA-quiddick story fair but incomplete. There are many facts you failed to divulge. Are you afraid of the Kennedys?

Name withheld

Supremely Interesting

I COMMEND DAVID RITZ ON HIS interview with Mary Wilson of the Supremes ("We Were a Trinity"). Her sincerity comes through as well as her sensitivity to the fact that the legend of the Supremes, as she says, is "bigger than any of us."

ALICE M. MANICA
Greenfield, Mass.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES ON those fabulous Supremes. The first time I saw your publication, I said, "When are they going to do a Supremes story?" You did better: a cover. The article was interesting, and it did not give all the glory to Diana Ross—telling the story like it should be told. The [post-Ross] Supremes did have several top-10 hits. And the fact that your article did not put Mary Wilson on the shelf should be rewarded; most stories want to put her out in the field.

DANNY A. WILLIAMS
New York, N.Y.

Standing Appointment

HOW DELIGHTFUL IT WAS TO read of someone who evoked such pleasant memories! I am referring to Rosemary Rice, who played Katrin in the warm and poignant TV show *Mama* of the early 50's. Friday nights at 8:00 were always set aside for a visit with the Hansen family. I can still hear Katrin's gentle reminiscences over the family album: "I remember San Francisco, and the house on Steiner Street where I was born . . ." Since the majority of shows were done live, I believe only a small handful have been saved on tape, so, like Katrin, we can only remember.

JOHN V. GILL
Flanders, N.J.

Memories

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Carey Winfrey

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PUBLISHER
Gregory G. Coleman

DIRECTOR OF ADVERTISING: Susan S. Buckley; NEW YORK ACCOUNT MANAGERS: Susan Cappa, Mara Ogrin, Martha O'Brasky; MIDWEST ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Cynthia Ivie, 625 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611 (312) 280-0334; DETROIT ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kathleen G. Charla Associates, 26211 Central Park Blvd., Suite 509, Southfield, Mich. 48076 (313) 358-4060; SOUTHEAST ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Quenzer/Stites, 3552 Habersham at Northlake, Tucker, Ga. 30084 (404) 491-1419; SOUTHWEST ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Tierney & Co., 14881 Quorum Dr., Suite 340, Dallas, Tex. 75240 (214) 960-2883; WESTERN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Donna Boesky & Co., 1888 Century Park East, Suite 1900, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067 (213) 284-3136; PROMOTION COORDINATOR: Wendy R. Walter; AD COORDINATOR: Diane Wachtell; N.Y. SALES ASSISTANT: Margaret Kadel; DIRECTOR OF BUSINESS SERVICES: Greg Roperti; DIRECTOR OF RESEARCH: Roslyn Schachter; CIRCULATION MARKETING DIRECTOR: David W. Leckey; NEWSSTAND MARKETING DIRECTOR: Margaret Hamilton; PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Karen L. Rosen; PRINTING

CONTROL: Lee Bird;

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MEMORIES is published by Diamandis Communications Inc., a wholly-owned subsidiary of Hachette Publications, Inc., 1515 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036 (212) 719-6202

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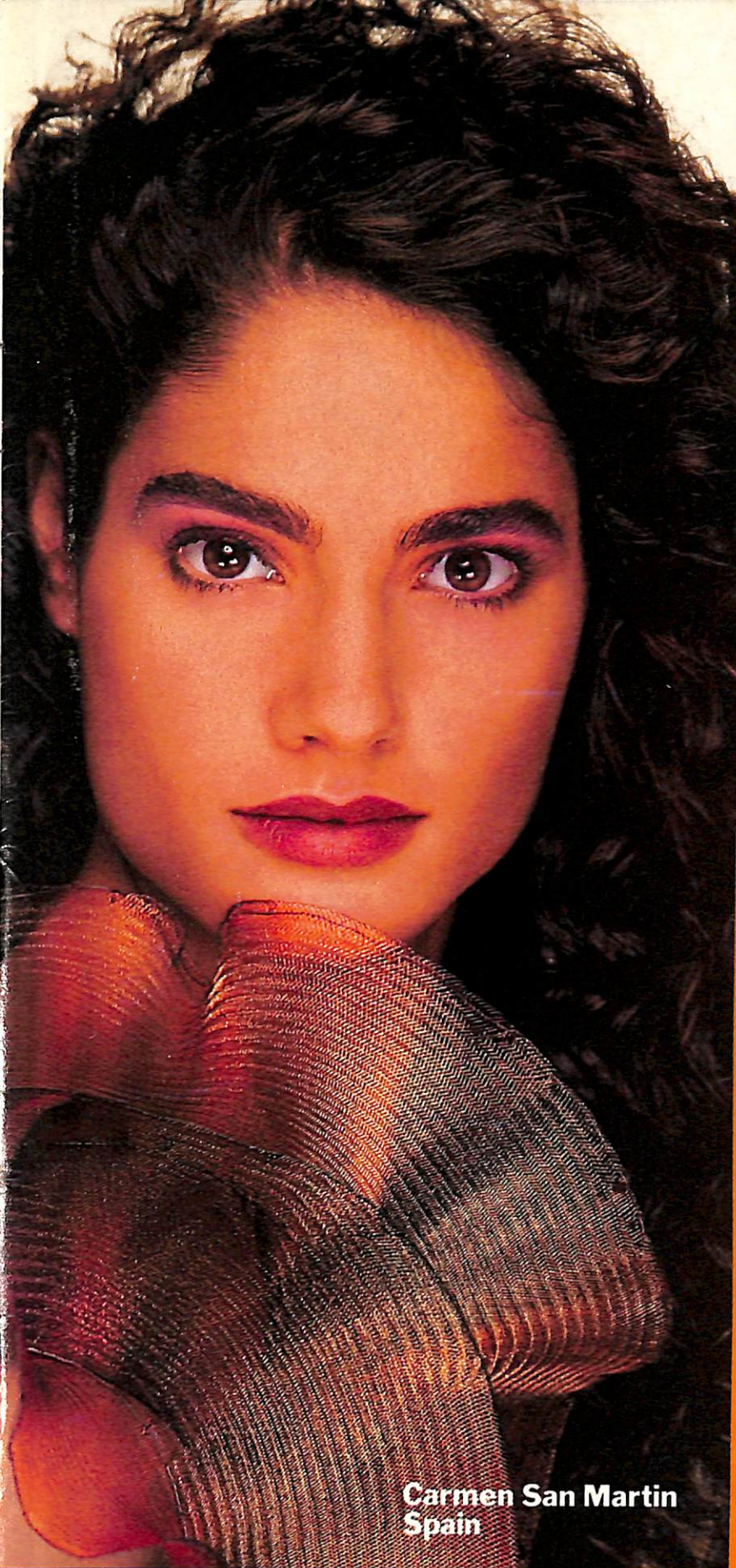
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Monica Bellucci
Milan, Italy

The most unforgettable women

Our models are wearing Revlon's New Fashion Tech Pencils: Waterproof Creme Eye Marker, Waterproof Eye Shaper, Waterproof Lip Shaper, Powder Pencil for Lids & Brows.



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breakthrough formula
that delivers

perfection every
time. Doubtful?

Glide one on
for sighs.

in the world wear **REVLON**

Ha-Ha High



Roseanne Barr
East High School
Salt Lake City, Utah 1970



Sidney Caesar
Yonkers High School
Yonkers, N.Y. 1937
Mechanical Drawing.



Jack Cohen
[Rodney Dangerfield]
Richmond Hill High School
Queens, N.Y. 1939



Richard Gregory
Charles Sumner High
School
St. Louis, Mo. 1952
Senior Class President.



Paul



Melvin Kaminsky
[Mel Brooks]
Eastern District High
School
Brooklyn, N.Y. 1944
Class Day Committee,
Senior Council, Dean's
Assistant, Fencing Team.
Ambition: To be President
of the U.S.



Alan Konigsberg
[Woody Allen]
Midwood High School
Brooklyn, N.Y. 1953



Steve Martin
Garden Grove High School
Garden Grove, Calif. 1963
President, Jason's Jesters
Club 4; Junior Class Vice
President; Drama Club 3,
4; Cheerleader: The Yell.



Bette Midler
Radford High School
Honolulu, Hawaii 1963
Senior Class President,
Class Play 3.



Joan



Eddie

Ha-Ha-Ha
Ha-Ha

Ha-Ha
Ha-Ha



Joan Sandra Molinsky
[Joan Rivers]

Adelphi Academy
Brooklyn, N.Y. 1950
Joan was delegated this year to officiate as co-chairman of the Cavalcade because of all her previous efforts in theatrical activities. In 1947 and 1949 she performed in the school cavalcades and in 1949 was vice president of the Dramatic Club. Although her principal interests are acting and lindyng, her record on the art staff of the *Adelphian* and *Oracle* speaks for itself. Joan's original cartoons added flavor and freshness to the school newspaper. Keep up that alert spirit and ready wit, Joan, and you are bound to succeed.

Edward Murphy

Roosevelt Junior-Senior High School
Roosevelt, N.Y. 1979
"Murph"; Most Popular. Future plans: comedian. "In reality all men are sculptors, constantly chipping away the unwanted parts of their lives, trying to create their idea of a masterpiece."

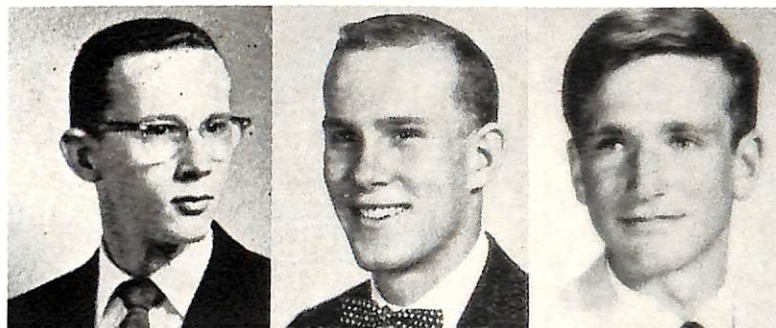
George R. [Bob] Newhart

St. Ignatius College Prep
Chicago, Ill. 1947
Class Honors 2; Honors 1, 2; Harlequins 1; Elocution Finalist 3; Basketball 2. Bob must have been a very important person, because people were always looking for him. And every one of them wore a white coat.

Paul Rubenfeld
[Pee-wee Herman]

Sarasota High School
Sarasota, Fla. 1970
"Paul"; Pres., Theatre 70; National Thespian Society; Art Club; Advanced Mixed Chorus; Best Actor; Most Talented.

Ha-Ha
Ha-Ha
Ha-Ha
Ha-Ha
Ha-Ha



Dick Smothers

Redondo Union High School
Redondo Beach, Calif. 1957
B Football; Track; Cross Country; "R" Club; Sr. Play; Jr. Play; Varsity Show 2, 3, 4; Choir; Madrigal: Ivy Chain; Head Cheerleader; Spanish Club; Comm. of Entertainment.

Thomas Smothers

Redondo Union High School
Redondo Beach, Calif. 1955
V. Football 4; Track 3, 4; Boys' "R" Club; Varsity Show 4; Key Club.

Robin M. Williams

Redwood High School
Larkspur, Calif. 1969
Cross Country, Soccer.



Steve

Ha-Ha
Ha-Ha



Bette

Shake hands with Mr. Goodwrench.

He's the right man for your GM car or truck.

When it comes to GM service, nobody knows your car or truck better than Mr. Goodwrench, the professional service technician at your GM Dealer's.

He's got Genuine GM Parts, the tools to do the job right and plenty of GM know-how. And that makes him a good man to know for top-quality service.

Mr. Goodwrench is a specialist.

Since he works on GM cars and trucks almost exclusively, it just makes sense that he knows a lot about them. He can bring experience to the job, expert training, behind-the-scenes help.

Mr. Goodwrench is always learning.

General Motors has 30 training centers around the country, and in 1974 more than 100,000 dealer service technicians were enrolled in courses there.

What's more, GM has a growing fleet of mobile service training units that call on GM dealerships in outlying areas. These schoolrooms on wheels teach everything from air-conditioning repairs to transmission adjustments. All in all, Mr. Goodwrench benefits from the largest automotive training program in the nation.

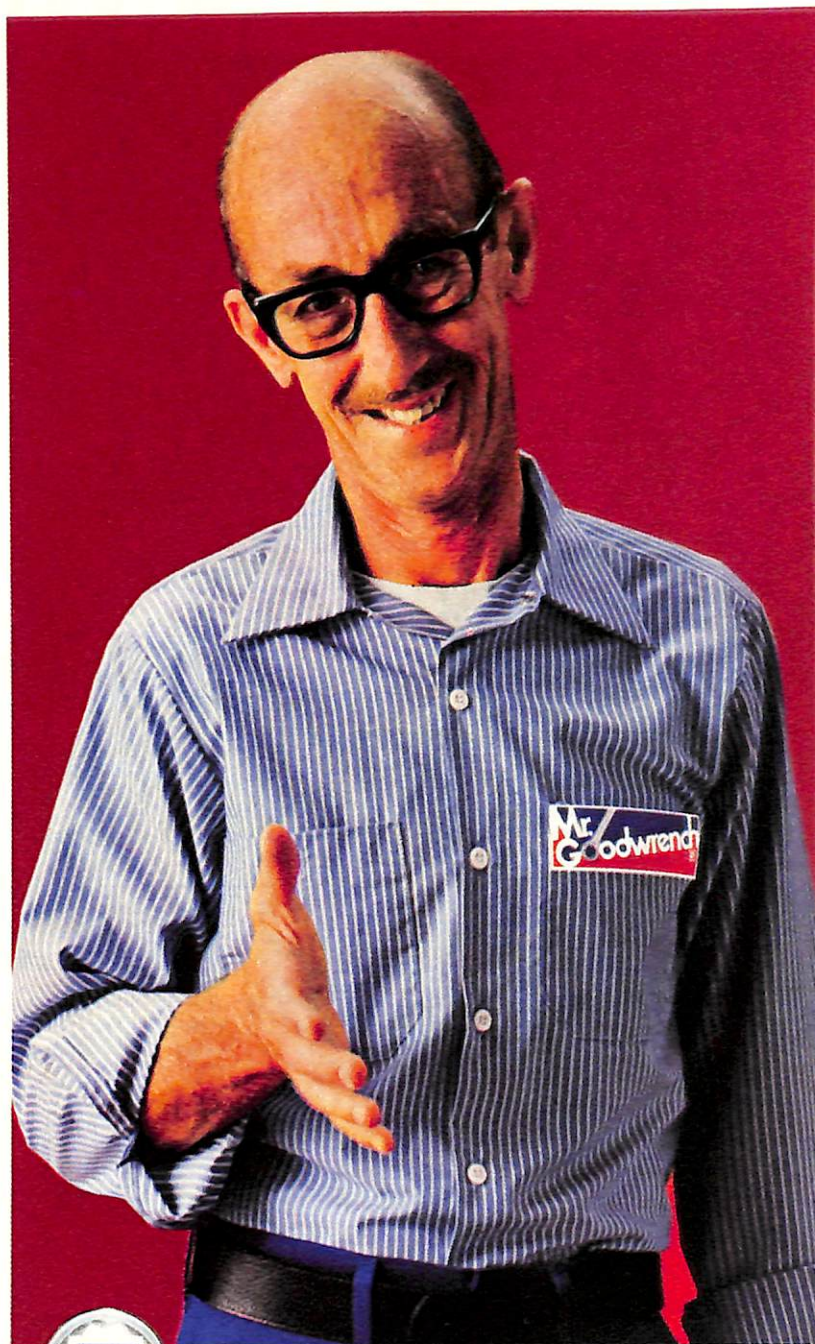
Mr. Goodwrench has what it takes.

In addition to his skills, he also has the right tools and equipment to help him do the job right—many of them designed especially for GM cars and trucks.

And just as important, Mr. Goodwrench has Genuine GM Parts, which are designed and manufactured especially for Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks, Cadillacs, GMC and Chevy Trucks.

So put your car or truck in experienced hands when it needs service. Bring it back to your GM Dealer's, home of Mr. Goodwrench, the man who understands GM cars and trucks.

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*Mr. Goodwrench says,
"Keep that great GM feeling with
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1974

Mr. Goodwrench is first introduced.

**15 years
later,
he still is.**



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FILM FESTIVAL

Me Jane

By Maureen O'Sullivan



A CONNECTICUT YANKEE (1931) with Will Rogers. Rogers may not have met a man he didn't like, but he didn't say anything about women. He didn't like me because I wore slacks. He called me "fast."

TARZAN THE APE MAN (1932) with Johnny Weissmuller. I loved the script, a beautiful fairy tale, and was eager to do the movie. Screenwriter Ivor Novello added a sophisticated touch to the Edgar Rice Burroughs story with help from his houseguest, Noel Coward.



FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION



THE THIN MAN (1934) with Henry Wadsworth (left), Myrna Loy (second from right) and William Powell. My role was not big, and I was doing other films at the same time. But when we had time off, Powell would take me to his house and we'd sit by the pool and have great fun.

PHOTOFEST



LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

STRANGE INTERLUDE (1932) with Norma Shearer. I first thought Norma was *really* an old woman. When she was out of her makeup, I could see she was nearer my own age. We became good friends.



THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (1934) with Norma Shearer and Ralph Forbes. My favorite role in my favorite film. I loved the authentic sets, the costumes all stitched by hand, everything. It was like living for a while in another life and time.

SPRINGERBETTMANN FILM ARCHIVE

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FILM FESTIVAL



TARZAN AND HIS MATE (1934). As they grow older, monkeys become dangerous, so we had several "Cheetahs." They all had crushes on Johnny and were jealous of me. I hated them all.



ANNA KARENINA (1935) with Greta Garbo. I didn't realize how truly great an actress Garbo was until I saw this scene on the screen.



DEVIL DOLL (1936) with Lionel Barrymore. This was a B-picture, like a fascinating foreign film. Off camera, Barrymore was wheelchair bound, still he dominated every scene. I liked him very much.



PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1940) with Marsha Hunt (top left), Heather Angel (top right), Ann Rutherford (lower left) and Greer Garson (center). Time has been kind to this film. When it first came out no one thought highly of it, including the actors.



TARZAN FINDS A SON (1939) with Johnny Weissmuller and John Sheffield. What a lovely baby to find in the jungle! We couldn't have our own baby because of censorship—we weren't married. Things were very innocent then.



A DAY AT THE RACES (1937) with Groucho Marx. Groucho was a sensitive, quiet man, an intellectual. Before he got to know me, he'd try out his jokes on me. But I loathe wisecracks and one-liners. Later we talked like people. I was fond of him.

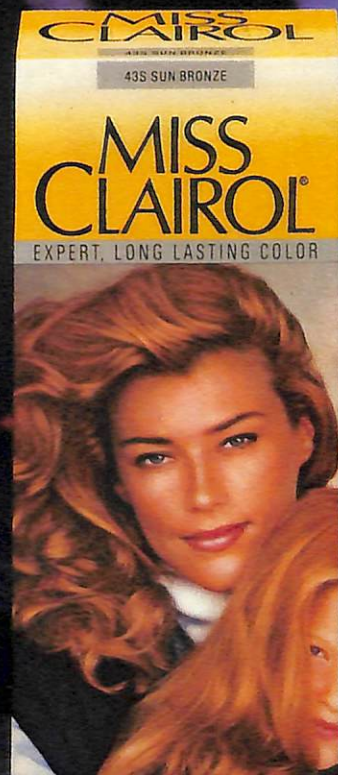


THE BIG CLOCK (1942) with Ray Milland. My husband, John Farrow, directed this good film. Working with him was interesting. He saw me differently from how I saw myself.

O'Sullivan on the set of *Hannah and Her Sisters* (1986) with her daughter Mia Farrow and grandson Moses Farrow.



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she...
or
doesn't
she?



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Southern Comfort

By Willie Morris

Not long ago I experienced a *déjà vu* of the most histrionic kind. I was in Natchez, Miss., for a portion of the filming of an autobiographical children's book I wrote called *Good Old Boy*, which was set in a small Southern town near the end of World War II. The film makers had invited me there to meet the cast. When I arrived, in early evening, they were still out shooting somewhere in the wicked 105-degree inferno. I had been sitting alone at the hotel bar for a while when I felt a tug at my arm. I looked down to see a mischievous-looking youngster, perhaps 12 years old, wearing a vintage sailor's cap and the denims and sneakers indigenous to my youth.

"Are you Willie?" he asked in a sharp Southern California tongue.

"Yes."

"We've been expecting you for three days. Where've you been?"

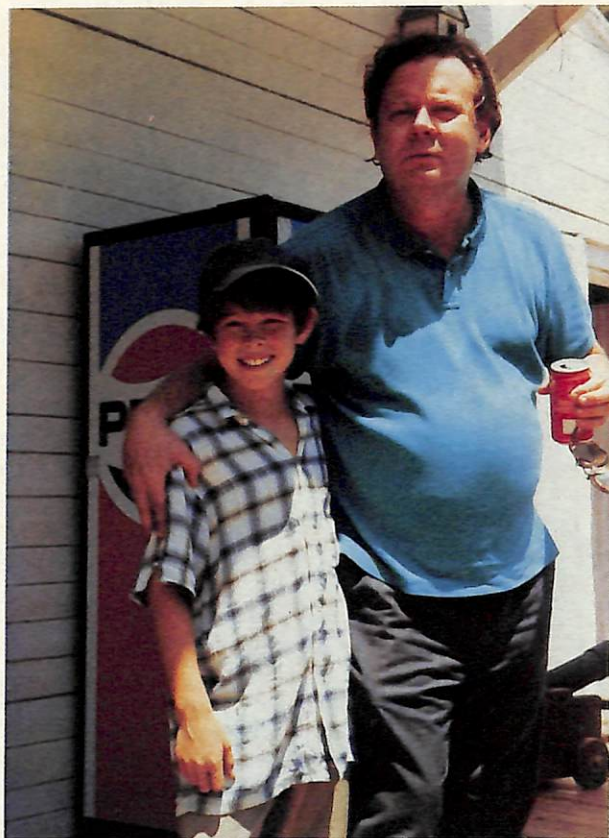
"Who are you?"

"I'm Willie."

Dreamlike in the next few days, as if in a warp of old memory itself, I watched the boy who was my former self, and my parents, and my grandparents, and my friends, and my dog Skip, as they recreated the mood and nuance, the cadence and milieu of the Southern 1940's. They were ghosts in the languid sunlight. I saw my eccentric and long-vanished great-aunt Sue—really Maureen O'Sullivan—in her familiar flowing cotton dress on the front gallery of a good-humored Victorian house, not unlike my grandparents', confronting me—was it truly me?—about some outrageous boyhood chicanery. All this could not help but bring back in a bizarre rush the small-town cosmos of those Dixie days.

The past rose and stood before me, and in the quietude my remembrance of the time and the place, and everything it had been then, became, as with the Hollywood people playing my dead beloved ones,

WILLIE MORRIS is the author of *North Toward Home*, *The Last of the Southern Girls* and *James Jones: A Friendship*.



"Willie" and Willie: Dreamlike, as if in a warp of old memory itself.

truer and more palpable than the present.

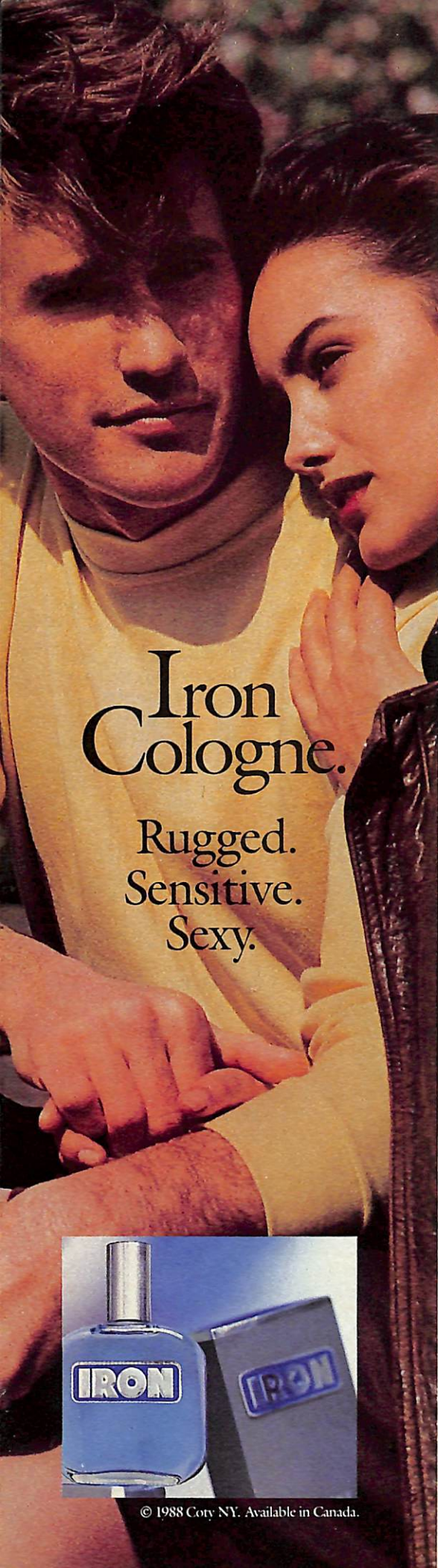
In the 40's we had a closeness to the land, and we were so *isolated*. There was a real Main Street, though not especially prosperous. There were no motels to speak of, no interstates, no shopping plazas or franchise chains. Nor were there many Republicans. "Only the game laws protect them," my grandmother, child as she was of the Civil War and the whipped-down South, would say of the party of Thaddeus Stevens, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant and William Tecumseh Sherman. Better yet, there was no television, that grand silencer of words and conversation, although it was inexorably en route. We sat barefoot on the porches on summer nights and listened to the stories of the aged relatives. And when the fire truck came by with siren ablaze we got in our cars and followed it.

The ubiquitous Negroes were quiet, or so it seemed. But every so often there were rumors of a mass uprising, and my father and the other men would stock up on bullets and shotgun shells and lock all the doors and windows. It was planters' heaven then. The big plantation owners, who were once going broke on 10-cent cotton, had started getting the Roosevelt relief money, funneling it to the workers in the off-season and then shutting it off when they needed the labor. One noticed the prolix restlessness of the young, white playboy planters who drove the newest Cadillacs or Lincolns or sports cars to the Peabody or the Grand Lake Casino or Bourbon Street or the hotel in the capital city with the nightclub on top where you brought your own whisky in brown paper bags.

The poverty of the black people, in their hovels in town and their tenant shacks in the country, was brutal

and wrenching. And so too was that of the poor whites on Graball Hill and on the impenitent hardscrabble earth. We children of the middle class absorbed all this as mindlessly as we would the mosquitoes, or the fireflies, or the red water truck with us prancing in its wake. These were my childhood and teen-age years, and they were poised, fragily and inevitably, before *Brown v. Board of Education*.

Many are familiar with all that ensued—James Meredith, Neshoba County, the Movement, the civil rights legislation of the Lyndon Johnson Administration, which transformed the face of the region, the black vote, the integration of the public schools, the increasingly civilized public discourse on race—and all of this progress commingling with a modest economic prosperity. Who at the close of World War II, for instance, would have



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I R E M E M B E R

predicted the rise of the middle-sized Southern cities—not just the Atlantas and Houstons, but the Nashvilles and Charlottes as well. In the 50's and 60's these and others became brisk and burgeoning metropolises, no longer the somnolent boroughs they had once been, with their faintly ruined mansions on the main roads torn down now for parking lots or renovated into offices for the substantial insurance and mercantile and commercial chains. One sees private swimming pools here and there now, and country clubs populated with the new Republicans, and placid woods and meadows ripped raw in lusty abandon for the gargantuan new malls, and everything beginning to be touched by the Yankee dollar.

When I finally returned home eight years ago, to live and die in Dixie after two decades in the North, I was optimistic about many of the salubrious changes beneath the headlines, though concerned that the South was gradually losing the best and most worthy parts of its distinctiveness. Then, too, it so often seemed that for every five strides forward there would be one or two dramatic steps backward. And certain horrendous realities remained.

In states like my native Mississippi the chasm between the haves and have-nots is as profound and blinding as ever. Entering the Delta is like entering a Third World, some counties with rates of illiteracy as high as 70 percent. While the rich appear to be more entrenched and unyielding in the wake of the Reagan years, economic regression in the rural areas is a regional blight. Here the young have departed for the cities, and even the runaway underwear factories from New England are leaving for the cheaper labor overseas.

And it is "the rift of race," as Studs Terkel observes of the larger society, "that, at times, seems to close and then casually widens." This is a tricky busi-

ness, and one has to live here to calculate its subtle complexity. There is the rift between the old Southern memory of itself and the present amnesia among so many of the young, forever evident in the university community in which I dwell, where so many of the white students, products as they are of the private academies, have grown up with less actual day-to-day contact with their black contemporaries than my own generation had.

Unknown arsonists recently burned a house on the previously all-white Fraternity Row, a house to which a black fraternity had been invited and which it was soon to occupy. The outrage among whites, from the governor to the school administration to the students, was overwhelming and genuine, but curiously devoid of fear or dread. I am a scion of my own age, the troubled times, and when I walked about the ravaged domicile the smell of fire was the smell of hatred. My generation knows it is all so fragile.

One must judge the South today within the greater nation, the America of the 80's, with all its failures and uncertainties, and as part also of the egregious homogenizing of television. Nonetheless, the South is still the least nomadic, the most ingrown and settled, of the American terrains, and much remains of its older values. I pray that it will never wholly lose its ornery rebelliousness against the norms of blandness and faddishness, and that there yet remains a certain warmth and ease and kindness and grace that have been its finest and most indwelling hallmarks. Is it not true that the past is the only thing we truly possess? Southerners would be wise to remember who they are, and where they came from, and how very long has been the journey. ■



COURTESY OF LARRY WELLS



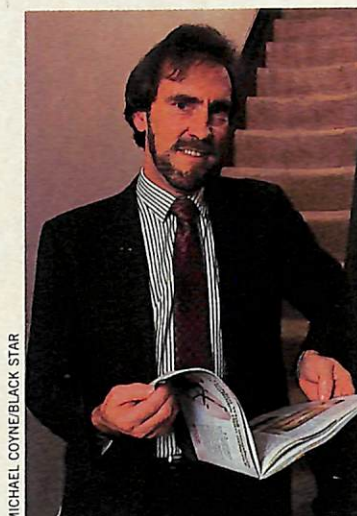
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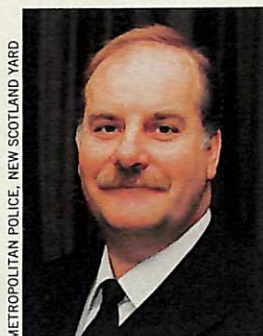
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Body Language By Maureen McFadden



MICHAEL COYNE/BLACK STAR

O'Brien



METROPOLITAN POLICE, NEW SCOTLAND YARD

Perry



SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL LTD.

THE BARE ESSENTIALS

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, THE ROYAL GUEST AT AN ENGLAND-France rugby match in 1979, has kept to herself just how much of Michael O'Brien's birthday suit she observed that chilly April afternoon, but the rest of the 50,000 spectators made no effort to conceal their reaction. Before he made it halfway across the field, the Australian, who has since become known as The Twickenham Streaker, was given a standing ovation.

The morning of the match, O'Brien, a devoted rugby fan then living in London, was discussing a newspaper article describing the escapades of an American streaker. "No one would ever do that in England," O'Brien recalls an English friend saying. "Being a bit crazy," O'Brien says today, "I bet they would. He bet me 10 pounds I wouldn't. That did it." By the terms of the bet, O'Brien had to run the length of the field to a far fence at that afternoon's match in order to collect.

O'Brien took off his clothes just before halftime. Then, when the teams left the field, he was off and running, with quick-thinking police constable Bruce Perry in hot pursuit. "It was a bit embarrassing," says Perry today. "I didn't quite know where to look. So I took off my helmet and covered up his essentials."

The indefatigable O'Brien had to fast-talk the bobbies into letting him go the distance to win his bet. "They were fabulous.

They walked me over and let me touch the fence, then they took me to the local police station, charged me with insulting behavior and took me straight back to the match."

The following week, after issuing an apology to Princess Alexandra in a London newspaper, O'Brien appeared before a London magistrate. "I told the magistrate I had been drinking, which wasn't really true," he says. "But I thought it would go easier for me than if he knew I was stone cold sober." The good-humored magistrate fined O'Brien the 10 pounds he had won in the bet and let him go with a gentle reprimand.

O'Brien now lives in Melbourne and works in the Australian Stock Exchange as product manager for the computer software system the brokers use. Though he once lost a job with a conservative English brokerage house when the photo resurfaced, he says he has never regretted his sprint in the altogether. "I loved it, I loved every minute of it."

Two years ago, constable—now Sergeant—Perry was awarded the British Empire Medal in recognition of his work in adult education. Beneath a dignified demeanor, he sounds as though he found his soccer duty that spring day 15 years ago practically inspirational. "I'm not trying to be blasphemous," Perry says, "but the truth is, he looked a bit like Jesus to me."



JOE ABELL

PAS DE DEUX

"I WON'T BE INCLUDING THAT PICTURE IN MY PORTFOLIO," SAYS 15-year-old aspiring model Mette Boving of the shot Joe Abell took of her two years ago. It was not, as she recalls, her proudest moment as a ballet student.

The photo was taken during an audition session for a performance of *The Nutcracker* by the San Angelo (Tex.) Civic Ballet. "This guy had dropped me once before," remembers



Boving

Mette, "and I had seen him drop a few girls before me. I was scared to death." An experienced ballerina, Mette says she knows what it feels like to be lifted properly, and this wasn't it.

Photographer Abell was on his day off, hoping to interest his paper—the *San Angelo Standard-Times*—in a special project on *The Nutcracker*. "She started at one end of the room and ran toward him," says Abell. "It was just one of those things

photojournalists do, anticipate. As soon as she went up her eyes just sort of popped."

Though the special project fell through, the paper eventually ran the picture—and, to Mette's relief, misidentified the ballerina in the caption. Alas, it was later distributed to papers everywhere by the Associated Press with the dancer correctly identified. "It seems real funny to me now," Mette says, "but then I was new in town and just a seventh grader. I've totally changed. I'm not a little girl with straight hair anymore."



PAT DAWSON

Abell

RUB-A-DUB-DUB

IT WAS THE HOTTEST DAY OF THE YEAR, AND SKIP PETERSON, A *Dayton Daily News* photographer, was driving around looking for what he calls "wild art," a photo that needs no caption. "I knew I should be looking for a weather shot," Peterson remembers, "but I was trying to avoid some clichéd shot at the local swimming pool."

Right there on Main Street, fate handed Peterson 10-month-old Zerrick Columbe—in a pot. "When I first saw him, he was sitting there all by himself, right on the sidewalk. Then the grandmother walks out and starts filling the pot with a quart bottle." Unobserved, Peterson began shooting with a long lens from down the block. Basically, Peterson says, the toddler "just sat there and stared."

"It was my *chili* pot," remembers Susan Clark, Zerrick's grandmother. "We had to wash him off for a doctor's visit; he had been crawling around the front porch."

Zerrick, now 10 and a straight-A student, says he doesn't remember any of the excitement surrounding his picture running on the front page. But he knows it was not his first brush with fame. Ten months before his sidewalk bath, his birth (by Caesarean section at Dayton's Miami Valley Hospital) had been broadcast nationwide on ABC's *20/20* in a segment about very young mothers. (His mother was 16 when he was born.)

At 4 feet 9 inches, Zerrick is now almost as tall as his grandmother. When Peterson (now the *Daily News* director of photography) wanted to recreate the original photograph, Zerrick was asked if he'd fit in the pot today. "No way," he said. Wanna bet, Zerrick?



WALLY NELSON

Peterson



SKIP PETERSON

Columbe and Clark



SKIP PETERSON

INTRODUCING



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OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER

1939

50 YEARS AGO

SPLICE AND SPLIT

Nov. 19 Joe DiMaggio, the Yankee star outfielder, marries movie actress (*The Phantom Creeps*, *The House of Fear*) Dorothy Arnold. The ceremony was performed in San Francisco's SS. Peter and Paul Church.

Update The couple, who divorced five years later, had one child, a son. In January 1954 DiMaggio



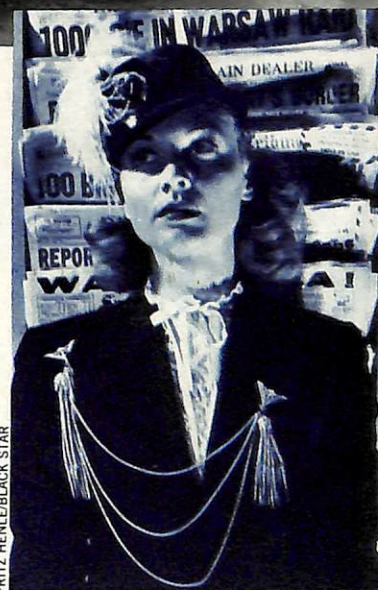
AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

married Marilyn Monroe at City Hall in San Francisco. Although they tried to keep their plans secret, word leaked out, and scores of reporters met them. Asked how many children they wanted, Marilyn said, "I'd like to have six." Said Joe, "At least one." In October, after 274 days of marriage, Marilyn asked for a divorce, citing conflicting career demands. She went on to marry and later divorce playwright Arthur Miller. At the time of her death in August 1962, it was reported that DiMaggio had hoped to remarry her.

BLACK STAR

AWAY FROM BATTLE

In the few months since the beginning of the war, the military spirit has begun showing up in women's fashions. Models are sporting brass buttons, gold braid, epaulets and cockades . . . Well over a million British women are being mobilized for the war effort. Besides serving in the military, they will help evacuate children from bombing targets, drive ambulances, train as nurses, serve as fire wardens and do farm work . . . To keep them from war damage, the Queen Mary and the Normandie ocean liners are being mothballed in New York harbor for the duration . . . Pope Pius XII in his first encyclical, *Summi pontificatus*, condemns the tyranny of states over individual



FRITZ HEN/BLACK STAR

citizens . . . Germany adopts a 10-hour work day to make up for its labor shortage.

FIGHT TO THE FINNISH

Nov. 30 Russia invades Finland by land, sea and air and threatens to devastate the tiny country if it resists. Parts of Helsinki are in flames, and several cities are being evacuated. Radio Finland is appealing for international aid. Finnish troops are reportedly holding their own under the command of Field Marshal Carl

Gustav Emil Mannerheim.

Update Superior to the Russians in winter warfare, the Finns fought until February 1940, when punishing air bombardment and a strong frontal attack brought the nation to its knees. On March 12, after conceding much geography to the invader, Finland signed a peace treaty. But

in June 1941, hostilities resumed, with Finland fighting on the side of, but not in complete cooperation with, Germany. In September 1944, Finland again capitulated and agreed to pay Russia \$300 million in war reparations. Finland remains today a wary neighbor of the Soviet giant.

World War II

Oct. 6 Hitler announces he is merely occupying land lost to Germany in 1918 . . . **Oct. 9** U-boat is spotted off Key West, Fla. . . . **Oct. 29** Soviet troops invade Latvia . . . **Oct. 30** British government issues white paper describing atrocities in Germany—synagogue-burning, killings, torture and forced labor . . . **Nov. 4** President Roosevelt signs joint resolution from Congress lifting embargo against sale of war material to belligerents . . . **Nov. 8** Hitler escapes plot against his life when bomb explodes in crowded Munich beer hall 15 minutes after he leaves. Six are dead, 60 injured; government accuses "foreign instigators" . . . **Nov. 9** Nazis in Posen, Poland, destroy statue of Woodrow Wilson . . . **Nov. 18** British air force bombs Wilhelmshaven, Germany; 15 planes are lost . . . **Nov. 24** A total of 120 students accused of anti-Nazi plotting are executed in Czechoslovakia.

On the Screen

Intermezzo stars Ingrid Bergman and Leslie Howard. One critic finds it "not exactly a dramatic thunderbolt" . . . *Babes in Arms* features Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, whose "adenoidal imitation of Clark Gable and super-sibilant explosive portrait of Lionel Barrymore," a critic says, "may well be among the most cherished impersonations of the modern screen" . . .



Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, with James Stewart and Jean Arthur, is called "one of the best shows of the year."



BY OF ROCKEFELLER CENTER © ROCKEFELLER GROUP INC.

NEW YORK CENTER



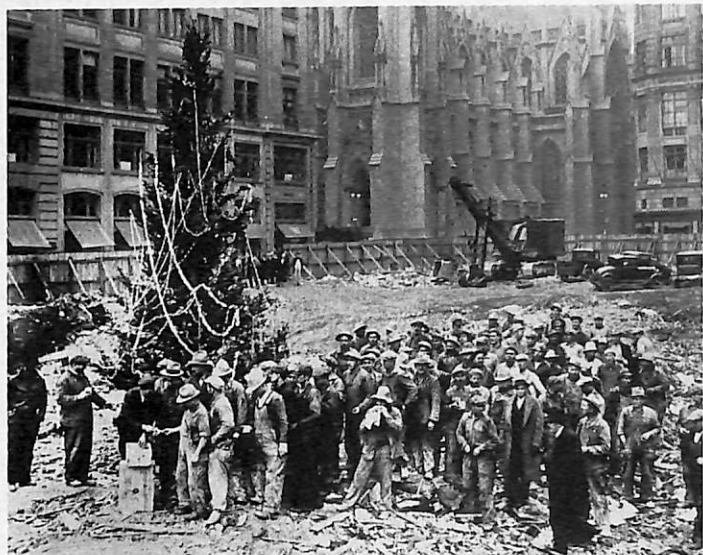
MEL DIGACOMOTHE IMAGE BANK

PIECE

50 YEARS AGO: ROCKEFELLER CENTER IS COMPLETED

Critics first derided the ambitious project, built as an unusual mix of art and commerce. Today it stands as a modern marvel.

By Ada Louise Huxtable



The original complex was the work of many architects, including (top, from left) Raymond Hood, Wallace Harrison and Andrew Reinhard. Construction workers started a Christmas tradition in 1931 by placing a tree on the site.

draws the world to midtown Manhattan. It is hard to imagine anything else in its place. The image is immutable, and so is the architecture that shapes it.

Cities are deceptive that way. The blocks that became Rockefeller Center—from Fifth to Sixth Avenues between 48th and 51st Streets—were a motley mix of small, low-scale residential and business buildings waiting for the boom of the 1920's to transform them into upscale real estate. That transformation made architectural and urban history.

Today we celebrate the Art Deco style of the original Rockefeller Center buildings: the sleekly set-back vertical masses of limestone and glass, set off by caps, friezes and lunettes of tropical and exotic flora and fauna and suavely idealized, gilded figures, suggesting the romantic belief in a newly minted modern world of streamlined beauty and harmony. Pure 1930's, of course; Art Deco at its best, creating a place that is of its own time and ours, adored by those who invoke its polished romanticism as a kind of cinema-image of life in the 30's—that fashionable romp through Paris salons and Hollywood sets in white tie and tails.

Nothing could shortchange the genius of Rockefeller Center more. And nothing could better illustrate the changing cycles of taste and understanding of the last 50 years. Beyond the vagaries of fashion, however, the difference between what endures and what is evanescent, what continues to work for generation after generation, is a more constant matter. Successful and memorable places can be serendipitous or the natural accretions of use and time, but the great urban works are almost always the result of a plan. Rome's Piazza Navona or Campidoglio, Paris's Place Vendôme or Place de la Concorde, New York's Rockefeller Center—these are places that have shaped not only our cities, but our lives and memories. Each was conceived, designed and built as a complex, controlled and coordinated whole. All have involved something that has little

or no currency among today's mega-builders—vision.

That kind of vision includes a belief in the public realm and its proper uses; it operates on the idea that the whole must be greater than its parts, that the quality of the built environment matters, and that a city is as much the product of art and imagination as of its investment opportunities. This kind of urban and architectural excellence has always been an act of faith; it has only recently been vulgarized and trivialized into the so-called "signature building," with its easy recognition value for quick and pricey market exploitation.

The fact that the vision of Rockefeller Center was often clouded and controversial, that it had many false starts and curious compromises, that it was as wedded to the financial bottom line as any current development, makes that vision no less significant. Considering this, the achievement is all the more remarkable. That it was the work of a consortium of architects—Reinhard and Hofmeister; Corbett, Harrison and MacMurray; and Hood and Fouilhoux, with additions and subtractions along the way—assembled in formations almost as intricate as those of the Rockettes, makes it more remarkable still.

Not that it was ever greeted with unrestrained applause. The Center was conceived in 1928 in the prevailing spirit of prosperity and optimism as an arts complex with a new Metropolitan Opera as its centerpiece, but its ambitious financial and cultural assumptions were destroyed almost immediately by the Crash and the Great Depression. By 1929, the project took a sharp and desperate commercial turn, to the anguished outcry of the city's esthetic and intellectual guardians. Art and idealism, ran the objections, had capitulated to profit and commerce.

Hostility escalated to classic New York paranoia as Opera Square became Radio City the following year, with its major spaces given over to popular forms of entertainment such as radio and, later, television, concerts and movies. Radio City, in turn, became Rockefeller Center, with the emphasis on office buildings, after John D. Rockefeller Jr. took over as builder/investor and patron of art and the bottom line; by 1939, the Radio City name was reserved for the broadcasting and theater facilities. What was perceived as a sellout to popular culture and capitalism—two of the deadliest intellectual and ideological sins at the time—was only

Continued on page 34

Cities are places of change, but there are some places that change a city forever. Fifty years have passed since the official opening of New York's Rockefeller Center on Nov. 1, 1939, and while those years have seen its expansion and modification, this landmark complex has become the heart of everything that is understood to be cosmopolitan, elegant and glamorous about the city. With those two enduring temples of spirit and style, St. Patrick's Cathedral and Saks Fifth Avenue, located directly across the street, Rockefeller Center is the magnet that

ADA LOUISE HUXTABLE is the author of *The Tall Building Reconsidered: The Search for a Skyscraper Style*, among other books. She is the former architecture critic for *The New York Times*.



Alive and Kicking

By Eileen Garred



Russell Markert

When Russell Markert ended his career as producer, choreographer and surrogate father to more than 1,000 dancing showgirls in 1971, they gave him a pair of bronzed tap shoes attached to a plaque inscribed with a familiar phrase: "Shake it up for Daddy."

And shake it they did—for nearly 50 years. The

Rockettes delighted audiences as the top attraction in the 45-minute stage shows presented between films at Radio City Music Hall. Their syncopated, high-kick performances in the biggest movie palace ever built (6,200 seats) made Markert's exuberant choreography an institution and a national treasure. Although the current Rockettes—39 strong—still perform occasionally in special appearances and in Radio City Music Hall's Christmas show, their between-film routines ended 10 years ago, when Radio City became a concert hall.

Last August, hundreds of ex-Rockettes were reunited at a charity ball held in New York in honor of Markert's 90th birthday. Three dozen of his "dancing daughters," as he likes to think of them, put on their old tap shoes for a special tribute. With dancers ranging in age from 24 to "old enough to know better," the resurrected chorus line creaked in a place or two, but what the ex-Rockettes lacked in precision they more than made up in energy and enthusiasm. Once again their taps exploded on the hardwood floor like bowling balls toppling pins. And if their red-sequined leotards, white-feathered headdresses and, these days, Stretch-n-Hold tights didn't quite camouflage the added years and pounds, nobody seemed to care.

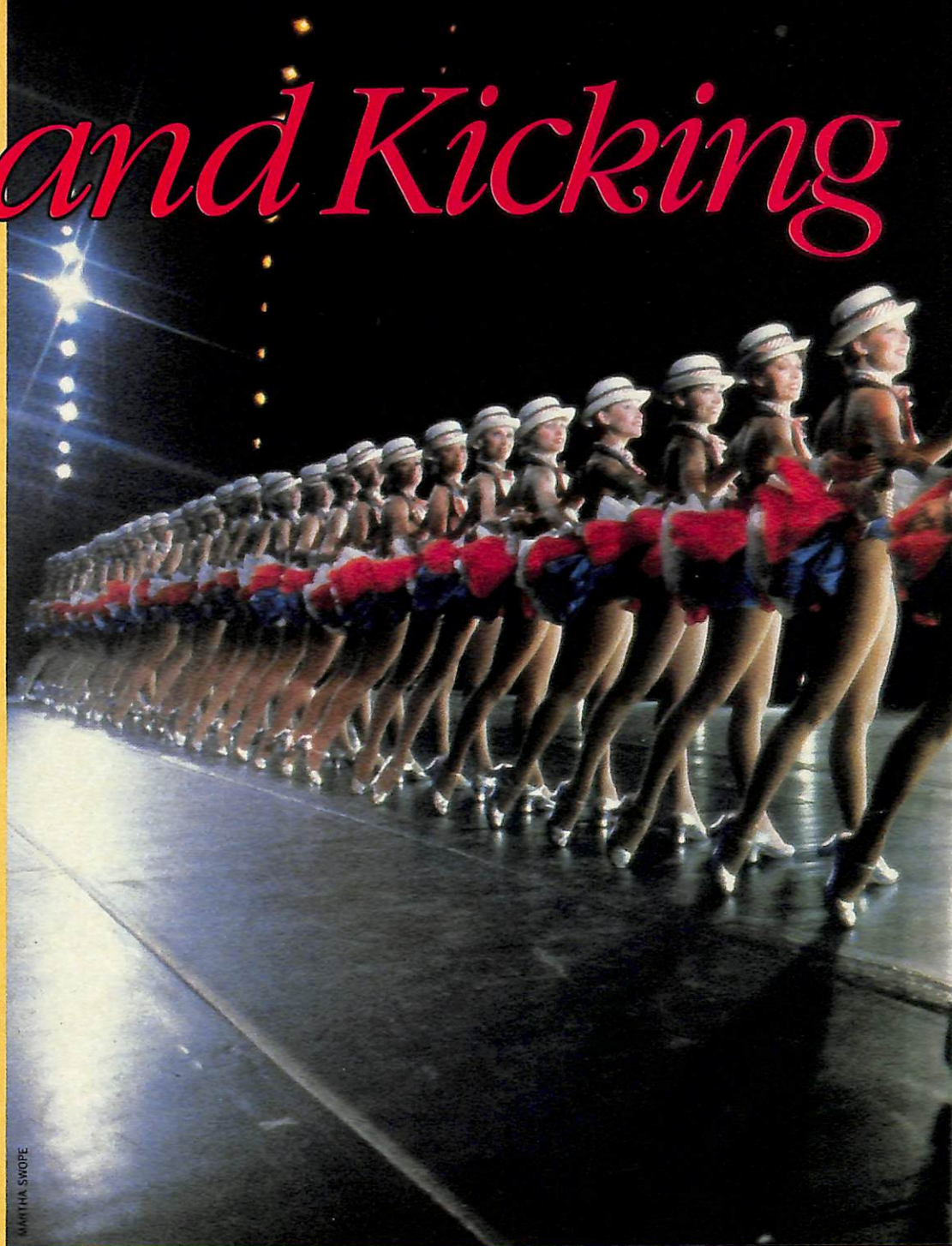
At a rehearsal a few weeks before the ball, several ex-Rockettes panted for breath as they wiped perspiration from their necks and foreheads at the finish of a strenuous 8½-minute routine, but the ear-to-ear smiles of accomplishment lit up the mirrored rehearsal hall. "Not bad for a

bunch of mothers . . . and grandmothers, hmm?" asked Dinky ("Nobody can remember my real name") Mayer. "This is twice as long as a regular Rockette number," sighed Cathy Oswandel, "only now it's really difficult. Ooh, my shin splints!" Now an interior decorator, Oswandel had a standing appointment with her chiropractor each week after rehearsal. "I never dreamed at 17 that at 50 I'd be back on the boards at the rehearsal hall," she crowed. "This is the greatest!"

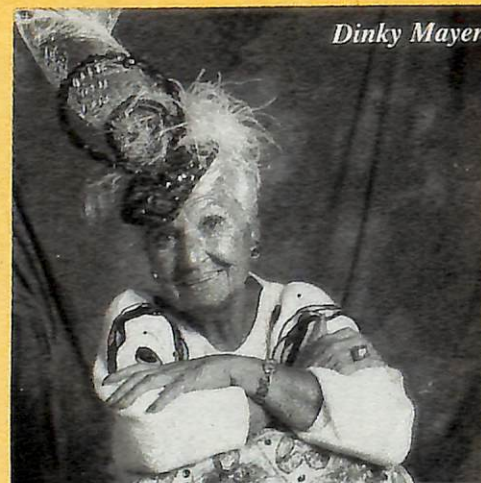
"It's wonderful to get back into the groove," Belle Koblentz agreed. "It's like having the chance to meet your first love again." Koblentz, who gave birth to her first child only three months before the

ball, was 11 when she decided to become a Rockette after seeing her first Christmas show at Radio City. "That very year I grew six inches," she remembered. "It must have been the force of my will."

Height restrictions prevented a good many dancers from becoming Rockettes. Markert, who got started in the business as a chorus boy in 1923, set the standards when he founded the troupe in St. Louis two years later. From the beginning he demanded that candidates be between 5 feet 5 and 5 feet 8 inches and have "long legs and good figures." They also had to have a solid foundation in tap, ballet and jazz dancing. Eye-high kicks were usually no problem for auditioners, who knew



MARTHA SWOPE



Dinky Mayer



Belle Koblentz



Sheila Rodriguez

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY JEANNE STRONGIN

they'd be expected to do them.

The illusion of a line of equal height is achieved by placing the tallest dancer in the center and arranging the others in descending order to the ends. During their trademark kicks, none of the dancers touches the back of any other. Although their arms are linked, undue pressure from a neighbor's hand could too easily propel a Rockette to the footlights, an error all the dancers knew they must guard against.

They were first and foremost a unit, a team. Fame came not to individuals, but to the group. Rockettes seeking stardom—Vera-Ellen, Valerie Harper and Fern Fitzgerald, to name a few—had to leave the line to find it. "In precision dancing it's as

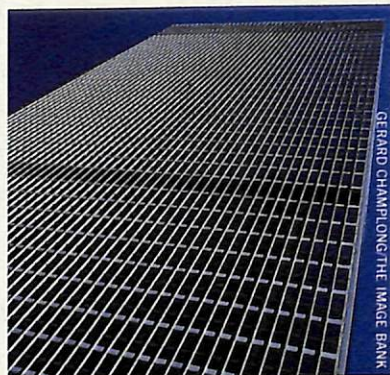
if there's *one* girl dancing in a hall of mirrors," ex-Rockette Grace Roeder explained. Sheila Phillips Rodriguez added, "The whole line of 36 should look like a really straight rod and, in our marches, like a wheel turning smoothly."

When Rodriguez started dancing on the line in 1966, her net pay was \$76.50 per week for the four shows a day, seven days a week (every fourth week off) that had long been a Rockette regimen. By the time she left to pursue a bachelor's degree in fashion design, in 1980, the pay had increased—partially as a result of a strike that brought New York the "prettiest picket line in town"—to a top salary of \$500 per week. By then, the fondly re-

membered era of long lines of spectators waiting to see a family-fare movie and the fabulous Rockettes had ended.

"We did it because we loved it, every minute of it," says Roeder, a mother of 10. "We all hold a certain respect for what Russell Markert established. It represented womanhood in a graceful and glamorous way. But not in the same way as a chorus line. I think perhaps we *were* a chorus line, though. The difference was that we were a family, too."

"They got to be almost like the American flag," Markert admits, his pride showing. "A real symbol." After a slight pause he adds, "It must have been the kicks." ■



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slightly ameliorated by the dedication of the buildings flanking Fifth Avenue and the Channel Gardens to Italian, French and British products and interests.

Through all of these transmutations, from the original 12 buildings on 12 acres to 19 structures reaching across Sixth Avenue, Rockefeller Center continued to receive an extraordinary amount of high-class abuse. Nothing escaped the critics' ire. The most respected architectural authorities of the day, those who, like Lewis Mumford, had embraced the principles of the new modernism, found the architecture and planning of Rockefeller Center superficial and reactionary. To these arbiters of art and taste there were two styles, "modern" and "modernistic." The first involved a revolutionary concept of stripped-down functionalism that dealt head-on with the new technology and uses of the 20th century. The second was a throwback to the decorative arts in which traditional masses were simply clothed in pseudo-modern dress. The critics' hearts and minds were with the first; they despised the second with a passion that went beyond art to a higher social idealism.

The Rockefeller Center plan, with its traditional massing, decorative architectural details and long, formal promenade

culminating in the soaring vista of the RCA Building, was attacked as the last gasp of the Beaux-Arts tradition of the 19th century. The opportunity had been lost to be truly modern, the critics said, to find a radical, innovative solution to the problems of the 20th-century city's scale and needs. Talbot Hamlin, a respected architectural historian, dismissed the whole thing as a "high-class real estate promotion." Mumford's initial judgment was that it failed both as architecture and as urbanism; he decried its lack of "intelligence" and "imagination."

The much heralded artwork carefully planned for several of the buildings also disappointed many. The Diego Rivera mural with its defiant socialist realism imagery was so shocking to sponsors and the public that it was removed from the RCA Building lobby by Rockefeller order. The Paul Manship statue of Prometheus bringing fire to the sunken plaza—later the skating rink—a gilded god of smooth, pre-Stallone musculature suspended in mid-flight through a hoop, was nicknamed "Leaping Looie" by derisive viewers.

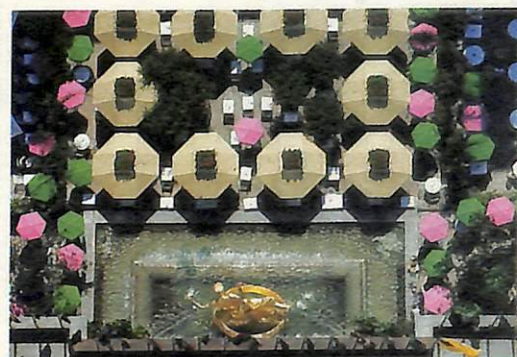
But something extraordinary happened between the unveiling of Radio City Music Hall in March 1931 and the officially proclaimed completion of the construction of Rockefeller Center more than eight years later. As the 1938 *WPA Guide to*

New York City noted, "Reproach has given way to respect." The Center's form was set and its reevaluation established in slightly less than a decade. Even Mumford saw virtues that had escaped him before. Familiarity bred contentment.

Rockefeller Center became the one place where New Yorkers and tourists felt equally at home. It offered eloquent lessons in the art and humanity of city planning. And perhaps more radically than anyone thought at the time, it suggested, and still demonstrates today, the less than popular (and in some investment quarters, unwelcome) idea that profit and pleasure can coexist elegantly and creatively.

These lessons appear to have been lost or jettisoned in the Age of Greed. Some are self-evident; others come under the heading of the unexpected fallout of a half-century of change. Popular culture, for example, the object of so much scorn 50 years ago, has risen in intellectual esteem and cultural respectability. Whether one likes it or not, pop has given high art a run for the much bigger money to become the leading edge and creative engine that makes much of American culture go.

From the original, hotly attacked decision to house the art and business of entertainment in Rockefeller Center, we have come full circle, trying desperately to keep it there. The 1980's have been



marked by a battle to convince NBC that its studios and offices should not be moved to some newer exurban Utopia. And although Radio City Music Hall was one of the few architectural features of the complex that received good notices almost from the start, in the 1970's, incredibly, it came close to demolition. Rockefeller Center's real estate management declared the great sunset arches of the theater expendable for new development, while announcing that the Rockettes had precision-danced their way out of fashion and into history. After a storm of public protest, however, the owners relented. Performances at Radio City were then changed from family-oriented films accompanied by stage shows to a more profitable mix of concerts and special events.

To understand how superbly Rockefeller Center defines, controls and enhances the urban experience, to marvel at how expertly the details of this extraordinary complex were designed and how well they still function, one need only visit on any fine day. The entrance is not just from the grand, processional axis on Fifth Avenue, but also from the side streets, where a subtle sequence of changing levels with low border plantings and trees sets up a zoned series of spaces that feed into the main axis in stages. These buffered transitions skillfully establish changes in pace,

activity and ambience. The much maligned formal axis—the promenade and Channel Gardens leading to the lower plaza and skating rink and the RCA Building beyond—is today acknowledged as one of the world's great *passeggiattas*, a city's traditional gathering place.

Exiting the complex, one moves from quiet to active zones, from the pedestrian life of the plaza back to the rapid rhythms of the city. Food carts congregate at the boundaries, offering appropriately upscale Dove Bars and fresh fruit parfaits nearest the plaza and more standard souvlaki and soft pretzels at the farther edges. On any good day, al fresco lunchers crowd benches along the Channel Gardens and the ledges of fountains. Across 48th and 50th Streets, the taller buildings rise behind five-story facades, easing the transition from the intimate to the skyscraper scale. Even the most jaded New Yorker cannot resist the pull to the flag-lined edge of the sunken plaza, drawn inexorably to the age-old pastime of watching the world go by.

One of the most severely criticized elements, the underground shopping concourse seen as a capitulation to gross commercialism in the 1930's, also provides underground circulation and access to the Center's buildings. This feature, too, was prescient in a way no one could have

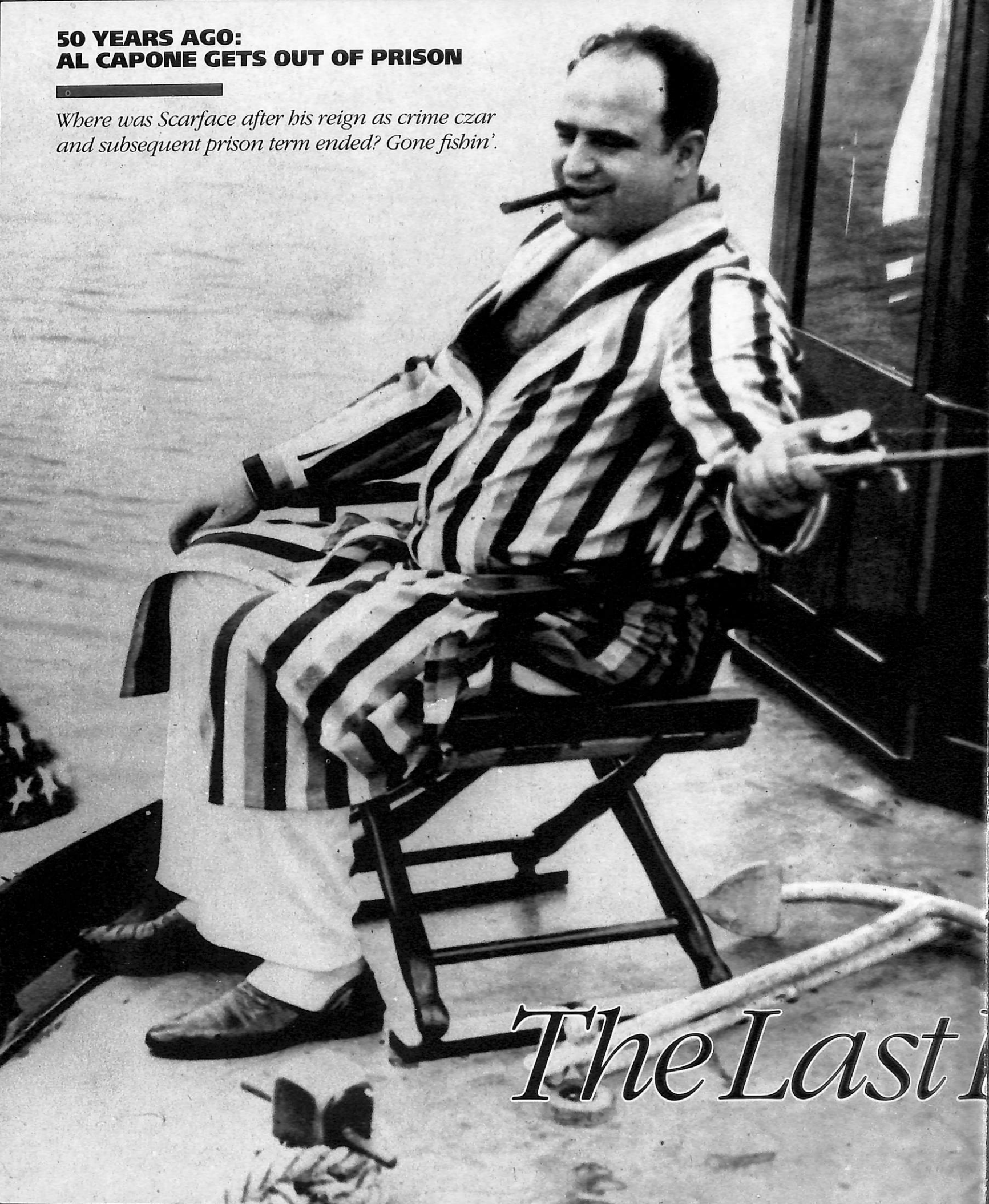
known. It was a precursor, within a more elegant and richer urban context, of what has become the true center of American life, for better or worse: the omnipresent shopping mall.

The conventional and cynical wisdom would say that this urban masterpiece could not be repeated today. Everything from the economics of midtown land to the horrors of security and the sanctity of the tax base would be invoked to make Rockefeller Center, once denounced as a crass business venture, seem like an impossible dream. Meanwhile, the limestone grows mellow, the Christmas tree marks the passage of the years, the seasons multiply. In spring, the perfume of white hyacinths blows in puffs across the dogwood, forsythia, tulips and daffodils of the Channel Gardens. The Rainbow Room atop the RCA Building, originally one of New York's most glamorous spots for dining and dancing, has been restored to something perhaps a bit more self-consciously glorious than its former state, and nostalgia is served up nightly.

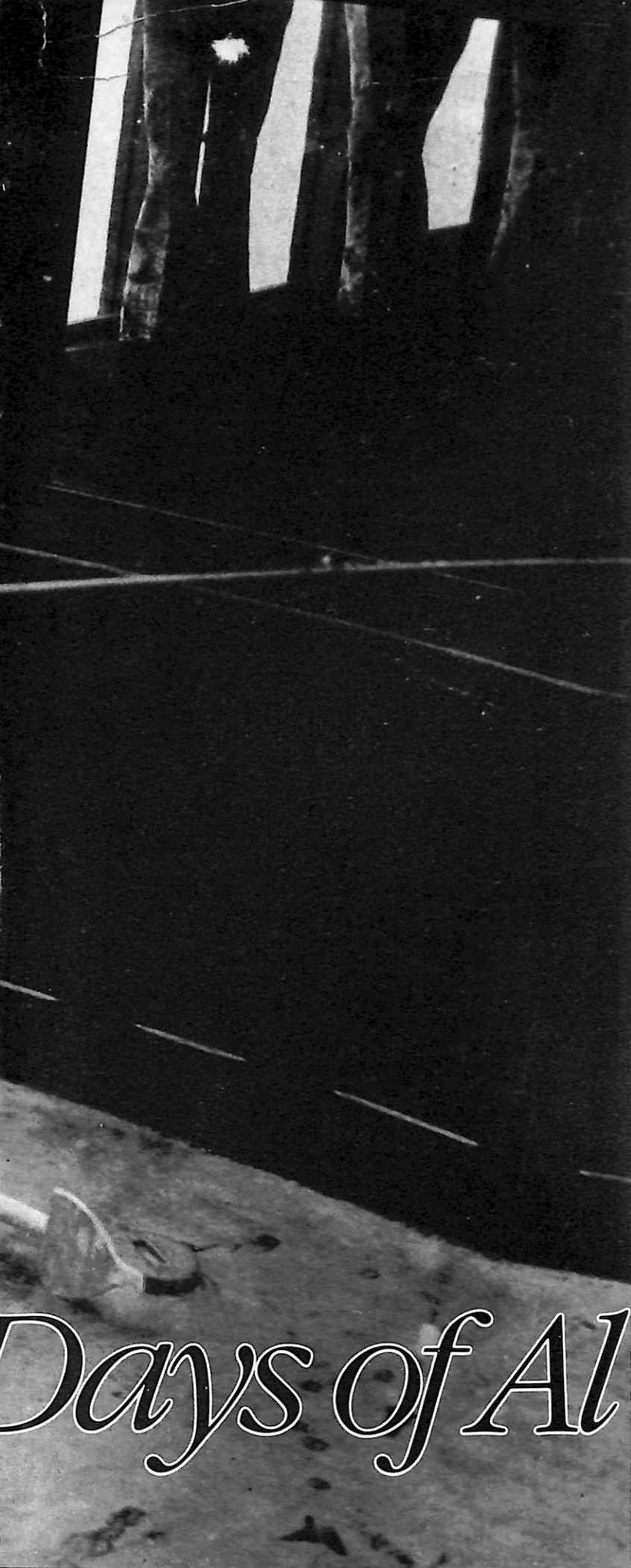
This is a city growing old in spite of its vaunted vitality and constant renewal. The best of its modern architecture has passed the half-century mark. From 48th to 51st Streets on Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, the virtues and pleasures multiply. The Center still holds. ■

**50 YEARS AGO:
AL CAPONE GETS OUT OF PRISON**

*Where was Scarface after his reign as crime czar
and subsequent prison term ended? Gone fishin'.*



The Last



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



FRG INTERNATIONAL

Capone bought his Palm Island estate in a secret transaction.

By Edna Buchanan

The lavish island mansion was groomed and ready, freshly painted and ablaze with lights. Reporters clustered at the barred gates and sightseeing boats circled like sharks, their passengers hoping to glimpse Miami Beach's most notorious resident.

Al Capone was coming home.

On Nov. 16, 1939, the former Chicago crime czar was released from prison. He had been long absent, caged at another island home. Alcatraz.

After serving seven years, six months and two weeks of an 11-year sentence for income tax evasion, Scarface Al, 40, had been paroled with three years off for good behavior.

But rumors of his imminent arrival in Miami Beach proved premature. Hours after his release—still under F.B.I. surveillance—he was admitted to a Baltimore hospital. His healthy appearance belied the fact that during his prison stay the mind of the ruthless gangland boss had regressed to that of a child. The bootlegger and mob ruler who had enjoyed a million-dollar annual income at the height of the Depression now spent his hours idly playing dominoes.

Stories spread that the mobster had gone stir-crazy; gangland friends who visited the hospital said he was "crazy as a bed-bug." In fact, he was suffering from paresis, a degenerative brain disease caused by advanced syphilis. Years earlier, when his teen-age mistress contracted syphilis, Capone had refused a blood test. He did not like needles.

The story of Alphonse Capone was written in bullets and booze. Liquor sales had been outlawed in the U.S. in January 1920, paving the way for a lucrative illegal trade. Thirteen years of Prohibition—the "noble experiment"—clogged the courts with 650,000 cases of bootlegging and attendant crimes. Fights for control of the operations made gangland slayings common-

Days of Al Capone



Capone consolidated his power by eliminating opponents. Dion O'Bannion's funeral in 1924 was the greatest mob spectacle Chicago had ever seen. Many more would follow.

place. Capone, who ruled the Chicago trade, got rich in the process.

When the 21-year-old Capone left Brooklyn in 1920 to join mobster Johnny Torrio's campaign to take over the Chicago liquor business, the left side of his face already bore the scar that gave him his nickname. Capone claimed it was a war wound, though the only wars he fought were on the streets. A childhood classmate insisted Capone got the scar in a brawl. Others said his face was slashed after he insulted the sister of a stiletto-wielding hoodlum in a Brooklyn bar.

Whatever the facts, Capone hated the moniker, and no one dared use it in front of him. Friends called him Snorky, slang for elegant, a nickname the Treasury agents who tapped his telephones found inappropriately playful.

For Snorky was deadly. When "Ragtime Joe" Howard, a petty bootlegger, worked over Capone's bookkeeper, Scarface sought an audience with him in a Chicago saloon. Howard got agitated and shouted: "Go back to your girls, you dago pimp!" Capone, sensitive about the whorehouses he operated, put a pistol to Howard's head and emptied it. After a dozen witnesses either disappeared or suf-

fered sudden amnesia, a coroner's jury decided that "parties unknown" had killed Howard. The Howard execution marked the beginning of a reign of terror that would last more than a decade.

Dion O'Bannion was a mobster whose importance faded with the rise of Capone and Torrio. So he sold them his prize brewery. Within 12 hours of the sale, Prohibition agents stormed in, dumped the inventory in the river and arrested the new owners. Less than six months later, three of Capone's men entered a flower shop O'Bannion owned pretending they wanted a floral arrangement. While one shook O'Bannion's hand in a hearty greeting, pulling him forward so he could not reach for any of the three pistols he always carried, the other two pumped him full of lead. It was gangland's first handshake murder. O'Bannion's funeral was the greatest mob spectacle Chicago had ever seen. The procession was more than a mile long. The biggest, glitziest wreath of all came from Al Capone.

Torrio was shotgunned in retaliation. He survived, fled to Italy, then vanished into retirement on Long Island under an assumed name. His power was gone. Capone, age 26, took control, writing his own laws with a "Chicago typewriter"—his favorite weapon, the submachine gun. Mobsters were gunned down from speeding cars. Saloons were sprayed with gunfire. More than 1,000 gangsters were dead by the end of the decade.

Through it all, Capone seemed invincible. A dozen attempts to kill him failed, but failure did not keep his enemies from trying. In September 1926, Hymie Weiss, Bugs Moran, the Gusenberg Brothers and others staged a mass invasion of Cicero, Ill., Capone's adopted hometown just outside Chicago. Eight carloads of men rolled slowly past his headquarters at the Hawthorn Hotel and Restaurant, spraying it with machine-gun fire. One gangster alighted from his car, strode to the hotel entrance and emptied his Tommy gun into the lobby. More than 1,000 rounds from half a hundred guns riddled the building.

Scarface lay on the floor of the restaurant, shielded by his bodyguard. He escaped unhurt.

Three weeks later, in front of Chicago's Holy Name Cathedral, Hymie Weiss, who had led the raid on Cicero, and his bodyguard were mowed down by bullets. It took police half a day to trace their source to two machine-gun nests hidden in a second-floor window across the street from the murder scene. Capone's men had long since made their getaway.

By the end of October 1926, Scarface had won the war. He met with Bugs Moran and other rivals to negotiate peace terms and divide the city, taking the lion's share for himself. Loudmouthed and imperious, he now reigned as America's undisputed crime king. Saloons that did not sell Capone's beer were blown up. The 1927 Chicago mayoral primary was dubbed the Pineapple Primary because of the bombs that exploded at polling places and on the front porches of candidates who opposed Big Bill Thompson, Capone's handpicked choice for mayor. Thompson walked away with the election.

In 1928, like many up north who felt a need to trade the winter cold for some fun in the sun, Scarface purchased a retreat on residential Palm Island between Miami and Miami Beach. The house had originally been built by Clarence M. Busch, of the Anheuser-Busch brewing dynasty. Capone bought it for \$40,000—covertly, so residents would not know that their new neighbor was America's most notorious mobster. He spent more than \$200,000 on improvements, including a wharf for his yacht and a tropical garden that included a dozen stately royal palms. He paid \$85,000 for the swimming pool alone, the first in Miami Beach adaptable to fresh and salt water. The cabanas were two-story, Venetian style.

The secret of the new homeowner's identity leaked out fast. Florida authori-

EDNA BUCHANAN, a Pulitzer Prize-winning crime reporter for the Miami Herald, is the author of *The Corpse Had a Familiar Face*. Her novel, *Nobody Lives Forever*, will be published this February.

ties and most of Scarface's wealthy, highly respectable neighbors were outraged. Gov. Doyle Carlton issued an order to the sheriffs of all 67 Florida counties: Send Capone a message. He is not welcome. Arrest him on sight.

Summoned to the county solicitor's office, Capone and his attorney were told that the gangster was not wanted. To avoid trouble for himself and others, he was told to leave Miami and stay away.

Capone announced he was in Miami for good; he had no intention of being run out of town. "I have no interest in politics, neither in Chicago nor Miami," he told a reporter as he puffed on a fat cigar. "I am here for a rest which I think I deserve. All I want is a fair break. I have done nothing in violation of the law in Miami and will not. All I wish is to be left alone and enjoy the home I have purchased here."

Then he got up and took his young son, Alphonse, for a speedboat tour of sparkling Biscayne Bay.

A lavish spender and a big tipper, Scarface became a flashy habitué of Miami's nightclubs, race tracks and prizefight arenas. Like its owner, the waterfront mansion became one of the tourist attractions of the winter season. Despite righteous anti-Capone newspaper editorials, the public seemed to accept him. When he swaggered into a Miami courtroom to fight his banishment, spectators applauded. His subsequent victory sent Florida officials a message: Even Al Capone had constitutional rights.

Scarface was conspicuously in residence in Miami Beach on St. Valentine's Day, 1929. That morning, he went sailing, then checked in with local police officials in an apparent attempt to establish an alibi. In the evening he threw a huge party, inviting politicians, members of the press and local businessmen. The guests were greeted by two men armed with rifles and walking sentry around the fenced estate. The butler wore a shoulder holster. So did the burly "waiters." The living room was ornate, overdressed, like its pudgy owner, who sat near a table piled high with food.

Machine guns were stacked neatly under tarpaulins in a bath house adjacent to the swimming pool.

In Chicago, the same day, men in police uniforms raided a garage. Seven men who worked for Bugs Moran were lined up against a wall. Police conducted such raids from time to time for appearance's sake. The worst that Moran's mobsters expected was a night in jail. Too late they realized the uniforms were a ruse. The phony cops killed them all with machine-gun fire. The St. Valentine's Day massacre became America's most publicized gangland murder.

A newsman who had attended Capone's party came back to the island estate to ask Al about his connection to the massacre. Al looked sad and perplexed that anyone would even suspect a connection. Shaking his head, he said, "The only man who kills like that is Bugs Moran."

Nobody believed him.

Soon after, Capone went to jail, but not for murder. Never for murder. Some people believed he'd arranged it. After all, Bugs Moran would almost certainly seek

revenge for the St. Valentine's Day killings. Capone, the story went, had the police arrest him for carrying a concealed gun. Sentenced to a year, he conducted business from a private jail suite, enjoying catered meals, a private telephone and unlimited visitors. During his absence, Eliot Ness and his "untouchable" Prohibition agents raided dozens of his distilleries and breweries, destroying more than \$1 million in equipment and supplies.

Then, in May 1930, Capone was paroled on the concealed-weapon charge and resumed his reign. The killing resumed too.

Pencil pushers finally brought Capone down, Government crime-busters faster with adding machines than machine guns. They traced \$1 million he had not paid income taxes on from 1924 to 1929. At first he failed to take the charges seriously, even neglecting to show up in court. But the Feds were sure they had him.

In 1931, just before his trial was to begin, he summoned a tailor to his Cicero headquarters. He wanted two new lightweight suits to wear in Miami's subtropi-

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1929. — FORTY-EIGHT PAGES. — FINAL EDITION

MASSACRE 7 OF MORAN GANG



KILLING SCENE TOO GRUESOME FOR ONLOOKERS

View of Carnage Proves a Strain on Their Nerves.

IS LIKE A SHAMBLES

The scene inside the room where the seven men were killed was a shambles. The bodies were lying on the floor, and the room was in a state of confusion. The police were unable to enter the room until the bodies had been removed.

VICTIMS ARE LINED AGAINST WALL; ONE VOLLEY KILLS ALL

Assassins Pose as Policemen; Flee in "Squad Car" After Fusillade; Capone Revenge for Murder of Lombardo, Officers Believe.

Seven Moran-O'Flanagan gangsters were lined up against the wall of a beer-distributing point at 2122 North Clark street at 10:30 a.m. today. Four men, two of them in police uniforms, opened fire with machine guns and saved.



Capone expected rival gang leader Bugs Moran (above, left) to retaliate for the St. Valentine's Day slayings of seven of his men, so Scarface sought safety in prison. His departure enabled Federal agent Eliot Ness (right) to make inroads into the black-market liquor trade.

Casting Capone

Those who have portrayed Alphonse "Scarface" Capone in films over the years have enhanced the ruthless gangster's image as a folk hero. "I'm a public benefactor," he once said. "Some call it bootlegging. Some call it racketeering. I call it . . . business."



PHOTOEST (A)

Rod Steiger
Al Capone, 1959



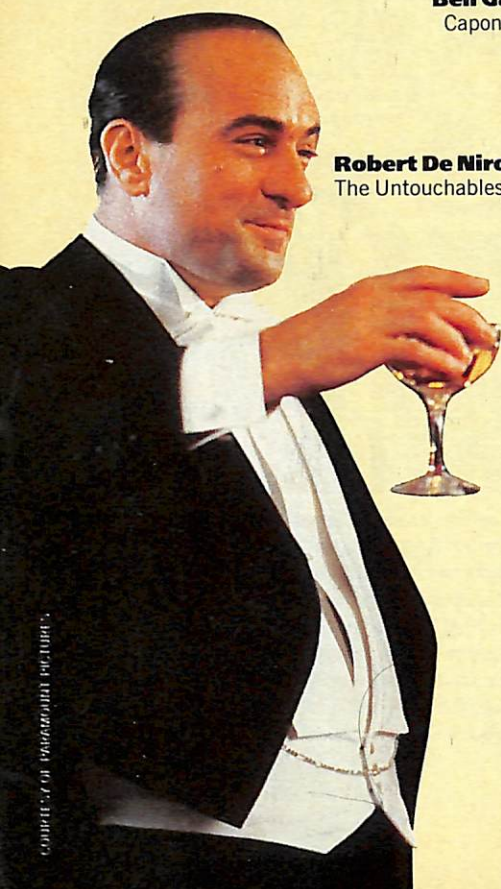
Neville Brand
The George Raft Story, 1961



Jason Robards
The St. Valentine's Day Massacre, 1967



Ben Gazzara
Capone, 1975



Robert De Niro
The Untouchables, 1987

cal climate. "You don't need fancy duds," a cohort snorted. "Why don't you have a suit made with stripes? You're going to prison."

"The hell I am," Capone replied. "I'm going to Florida for a nice, long rest, and I'll need some new clothes before I go."

He was wrong. A jury did not buy his attorney's contention that Capone was being persecuted, and the judge slapped him with an 11-year sentence. Sullen and savage in the courtroom, he regained his composure before beginning his journey to the Federal penitentiary in Atlanta in May 1932. His 12-year-old son, his mother, his wife, a brother and a sister saw him off. Impeccably attired in a dark blue overcoat and a wide-brimmed hat, he posed cheerfully for photographers. "I'm glad to get started," he said and boarded the train.

In prison, he lived in an eight-man cell, worked as a shoemaker and enjoyed privileges and protection that he bought with money smuggled in to him. After two years, he was transferred to Alcatraz, which had recently been converted from military to civilian use. It was there that his confusion and slurred speech, the first symptoms of paresis, surfaced.

On March 20, 1940, four months after his release from prison, Capone returned to Miami Beach. At first he would dine out in restaurants with his wife, Mae, go for automobile rides and buy Sen-Sen at a local drug store. But soon those trips ended. His world shrank to the estate, where he endlessly practiced his golf swing, swam in his pool, lolled on his patio in the sun and fished from a pier. He never mentioned the days when he was the storm center of racketeering wars that cost a thousand lives. "He seems to have a blank memory about that phase of his life," his doctor said.

Some days he liked to play gin rummy. His family always let him win. A visitor from Chicago, unaware of the house rule, once beat him at gin. Capone flew into a rage. "Get the boys!" he shouted. "I want them to take care of this wise guy."

Other gangland friends sometimes dropped by. Scarface barely recognized his old henchmen.

When the operator of a racing wire service survived a Chicago shotgunning, he publicly accused Capone of engineering the plot in order to take over his business. With the family's permission, doctors revealed to the press that Capone was incapable of engineering anything.

Emery Zerick, a Miami Beach cop who moonlighted at the Capone estate, recalls,

"During the day they would wheel Al to the end of the dock and put a fishing pole in his hand. 'When a sightseeing boat showed up, we had to rush him back inside. He weighed very little, he had shrunk."

Zerick guarded the front gate, which was equipped with a telephone. He quickly learned not to ask visitors their names. He would put them on the phone to Capone's brother Ralph. If a visitor was okay Ralph would give a signal, which was changed daily. Zerick recognized some of the visitors: "Meyer Lansky—a fast walker who used to bounce when he walked—Tony Accardo, Jimmy Doyle out of Cleveland, Joe Fischetti and Joe Massei."

Capone's health got worse. A death watch began, with reporters and underworld cronies on alert. Scarface would rally, then sink. The gangland figures who came to pay their last respects always slipped \$20 or \$30 to Zerick at the gate. "Every time he had a relapse I used to make \$300 or \$400," he says.

Capone died at 7:25 P.M. on Saturday, Jan. 25, 1947, after a cerebral hemorrhage. He was 48 years old.

"They came downstairs and said he was dead," Zerick recalls. "Wife took it hard. Ralph was blubbing. There was a leak in that place somehow, there was a screech of cars, it seemed like a million reporters. They knew right away. I never figured out how."

A block-long line of sleek black limousines soon formed outside. "The hoods," says Zerick, "all of them, showed up, making the sign of the cross and paying respects to the widow."

Al "Sonny" Capone, the sad little boy banished from a Boy Scout troop after outraged parents learned his name, saw his own children shunned when *The Untouchables* series became popular on TV. In 1959, the year the show debuted, he and his widowed mother sued for invasion of privacy, but lost. Sonny, now 70, a retired Miami dockworker, changed his name and moved to an undisclosed address.

A Delta Airlines pilot and his wife now live in the Capone house on Palm Island. Sightseeing-boat guides continue to point it out over their public address systems.

"Nobody ever thought this would happen," says Zerick, 67, now retired from the police force. "Nobody ever thought that the Capone story would get bigger and bigger as time goes by."

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OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER

1949

40 YEARS AGO

AND AWAY WE GO

Oct. 4 Jackie Gleason, in his first TV role, stars as Chester A. Riley, the bumbling but well-intentioned airplane riveter, on *The Life of Riley*. The sitcom is based on William Bendix's 1943 radio show.

WORN-OUT SHOES

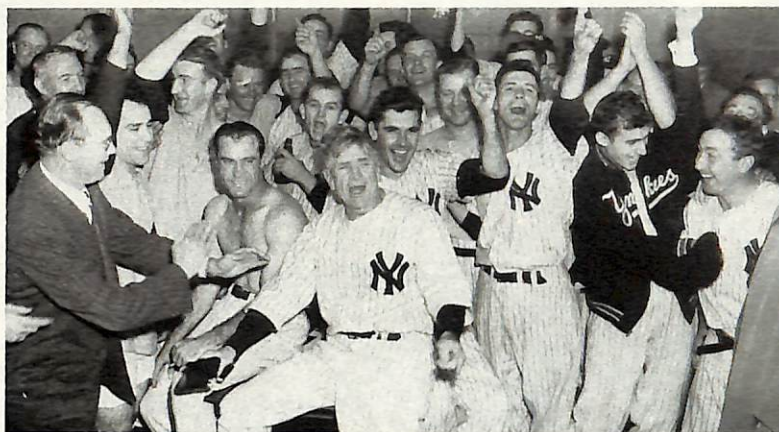
Nov. 25 Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, known as the "King of Tap Dancers," dies at 71. Robinson, who began performing for pennies on street corners at the age of 8, later danced on Broadway and in motion pictures. He often boasted that he never took a dance lesson. The secret to his fluid moves, he once explained, was hot water and gin. "I soak my feet in it for three hours and then wrap them up in cotton batting. When I get up in the morning, those feet—they're drunk. They don't know what they're doing." **Update** The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band scored a hit in 1970 with "Mr. Bojangles," a homage to Robinson. Hoofers through the years have imitated his loose, easy style and his trademark staircase dance.



UNFRIENDLY SKIES

Nov. 3–18 A total of 38 men die in six separate crashes of the Air Force's B-29 superfortress—the huge bomber that dropped the atom bomb on Japan during World War II. Apparently unrelated, the crashes reflect the aging condition of the B-29 fleet.

In response, the Air Force grounds all B-29s that have not been modernized. According to one general, the crashes are "examples of the headache military airplanes can be when you demand top performance of them all the time."



SUBWAY SERIES

Oct. 9 The New York Yankees beat the Brooklyn Dodgers in a 10-6 slugfest to win their 12th World Series title, four games to one. Crowds have flocked to Yankee Stadium and Ebbets Field to see such baseball greats as Joe DiMaggio, Phil Rizzuto, Yogi Berra, Duke Snyder, Jackie Robinson and Roy Campanella. An excited Casey Stengel, the Yankee manager, roars "Happy

New Year" to reporters after the win. Despite his team's loss, Brooklyn's Robinson, the first black man to play in a World Series, is named Most Valuable Player of the Year.

Update There have been 15 subway series in Major League history. The last took place in 1956, between the Dodgers (who relocated to Los Angeles two years later) and the Yankees.

Miscellany

October Canasta, an Argentine card game, sweeps the nation; United States Playing Card Company receives some 600,000 requests for rule books in single month. Three books on Canasta are among year's top 10 best sellers . . . **Oct. 24** United Nations



permanent headquarters is dedicated in New York. President Harry S. Truman and 16,000 onlookers and diplomats attend ceremony . . . **Oct. 26**

Truman signs bill raising minimum wage from 40 to 74 cents an hour . . . **Nov. 3** Nobel Academy

announces it will award no prize in literature, due to deadlock among four candidates: Winston Churchill, William Faulkner, Benedetto Croce and Carl Sandburg . . . **Nov. 7** This I

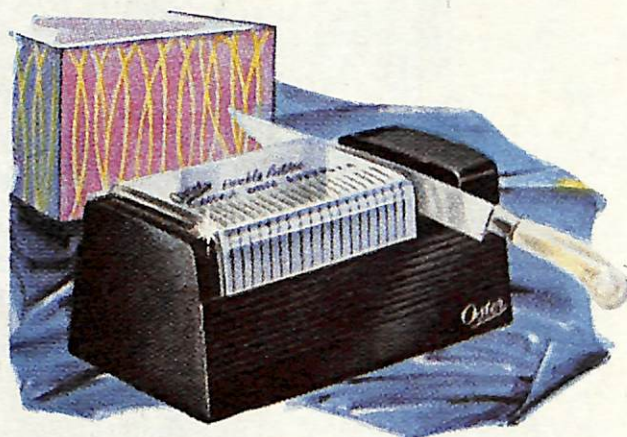
Remember, Eleanor Roosevelt's memoirs of her life with FDR, is published . . . **Nov. 18** Vice President Alben W. Barkley, 71, becomes first VP to marry while in office when he weds Mrs. Carleton S. Hadley, 38 . . . **Nov. 19** Prince Rainier III is crowned 30th Monarch of Monaco.

On the Screen

All the King's Men stars Broderick Crawford as a Southern political demagogue based on Huey Long; *The Story of Seabiscuit*, with Shirley Temple, depicts the triumphs and defeats of the great race horse; Walt Disney's *The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad* is an animated film based on Washington Irving's *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and Kenneth Grahame's classic, *The Wind in the Willows*.

Osterizer blender as it appeared in the 1950's.

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As Hollywood turned tense and somber, this tart comedy lit up the screen with witty dialogue and a provocative theme.

ADAM'S RIB

By Garson Kanin

The Genesis



Ruth Gordon (rear left) and Garson Kanin (rear right) collaborated on three films and one marriage. *Adam's Rib* and *Pat and Mike*, which they wrote, starred their friends Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy.

Ruth Gordon and I had a conversation that lasted 44 years. It was interrupted only twice—once for four and a half years while I served in the Army, and another time when Ruth went to Hollywood to make a movie while I did a play in New York.

Apart from these arid periods, we were together, else what was the point of being married?

So we talked. On trains, in planes, aboard ships, on long walks and in bed. She had more to say than I. She was older, wiser and far more articulate. Her views were strong and confident, even when wrong. She was a matchless companion.

For many years, we owned a place in Connecticut called Faraway Meadows. To this haven we would repair whenever

possible, usually by car. One drizzly winter afternoon in 1948, Ruth and I were driving there from New York City when we hit an icy stretch on the highway. Ruth, a habitually nervous passenger, became even more distressed than usual. I decided it would be best if I could get her to talk. She was always at her most relaxed when she was on.

"Tell me something interesting about Connecticut," I said. She thought for a moment and said, "Well, there's the story of the Whitneys of New Haven and the Masseys. That's interesting." Ruth's friend, the actor Raymond Massey, had

GARSON KANIN, author, director and playwright, is preparing his new comedy, *Peccadillo*, for production this season.



After Adam smacks Amanda's backside, the comedy takes a serious turn, as Hepburn's Amanda bristles with rage. The film's theme of female equality reflected the real-life relationships of both writers and stars. The Tracy-Hepburn romance lasted until Tracy's death in 1967.

been happily married to the British actress Adrienne Allen. William Dwight Whitney and his wife, Dorothy, both brilliant lawyers, were the Masseys' closest friends. The two couples once spent a week vacationing together in England.

"Wait a second," I interrupted.

"What?"

"Both Whitneys were lawyers?"

"That's what I said."

"Well," she continued. "As the week wore on, Ray found himself increasingly attracted to Dorothy—and, I suppose, she to him. So to make a long story a little longer, by the end of the week they announced one evening at dinner that they had fallen in love and had every intention of becoming free and marrying."

"Some dinner!" I said.

"So during the next few days, Bill took charge—a lawyer, after all—and began to work out the practical arrangements. The divorces, America or England or Switzerland? And when? And so on. This meant many meetings in various combinations. So in time, it happened. Ray and Dorothy became happily married and remained so for life."

"And what happened to the other two?"

"Oh, they got married, too. To each other."

"What?" I yelled, swerving to the right shoulder of the road. "What a story!"

"Yes, but not worth getting killed for."

"Can you see it as a movie?"

"Not really. Unbelievable. Too pat. Like life."

Director George Cukor (left) emphasized the good life the Bonners enjoyed, complete with a showcase apartment and a country house.



Fed up with her husband Warren's infidelity, Doris Attinger trails him on his subway ride to a rendezvous with his mistress. Later, Doris breaks into the love nest and—to Warren's surprise and her own—shoots him. It was the first film for the actors who played the Attingers, Judy Holliday and Tom Ewell.

"What about just the first half then? Two lawyers. Married. And they get onto opposite sides of a case."

"Would that be allowed?"

"I don't know. We can find out. Anyway, in a movie you make up your own rules."

"He could be a district attorney."

"Why?"

"I don't know yet."

"And she's a lawyer."

"And they get embroiled in a case—and in public."

Then, magically, we spoke in unison—"Kate and Spence!"

We had for some time been looking for a subject worthy of our great friends,



"Hot dog!" Woman shot her husband," Amanda Bonner says, reading to her husband from the morning paper. "He was playing her fast and loose so she caught him out and popped him a few 32 calibers." "Some lady," Adam responds, and battle lines between the lawyers are drawn.

Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy.

The talk—and a lot of feverish note-taking—went on until about 4:00 A.M., when, half exhausted and half exhilarated, we went to bed.

We had collaborated only once before, on *A Double Life* (1947). This picture was well received and won Ronald Colman an Academy Award, but working on it was something less than a happy memory because writing together caused tensions and spats.

Ruth was a playwright as well as an actress and had written two hit plays, *Over 21* and *Years Ago*, and one failure, *The Leading Lady*. I had had but one Broadway hit, *Born Yesterday*.

As excited as we were about the possibilities of our new screenplay, we found the prospect of collaborating on another



Grilling Beryl Caighn, the "other woman," Amanda asks whether Warren "ever grabbed you before . . . touched you before this time?" referring to the morning of the shooting. Beryl answers, "We used to shake hands quite a lot." Amanda, going for the laugh, asks, "Did you enjoy it?"



"When did you begin to suspect that you were losing your husband's affection?" Amanda asks, interviewing her client at the House of Detention. "When he started battin' me around . . . The first time he broke a tooth. My tooth," Doris answers. "Upper left molar!"

BEN CARBONETTO COLLECTION (6)



To the author's surprise, Hepburn talked Cole Porter (center) into writing "Farewell Amanda," the film's grating theme song. It never came close to making the 1949 Hit Parade.

project unsettling. Though we had never quarreled. We had our share of disagreements, of course, but never quarreled.

We set to work. We weren't long into it when Harry Cohn, the overbearing head of Columbia Pictures, bought the film rights to *Born Yesterday*. I suggested to him that Judy Holliday reprise in the screen version the role of Billie Dawn, which she had so brilliantly created on Broadway.

"Are you nuts?" he blasted. "I got Rita Hayworth under contract. I got Kim Novak, Lucille Ball, Marilyn Monroe under contract. You want me to bring in an outsider? An unknown? You nuts?"

"Would you let her make a test? I'll direct it. Free."

"Nothing doing. I don't need you for tests, free or not."

I abandoned the sell as hopeless, but Ruth would not give up. She insisted that there was a way.

So we devised a plan. We built up a part in our new screenplay, *Adam's Rib*, especially for the unique comic gifts of Judy Holliday.

"That'll be her screen test for *Born Yesterday*," said Ruth.

Soon we were able to show the *Adam's Rib* script to Judy, who read it and, to our astonishment, turned it down.

"But why?" I asked her agent.

"She doesn't like the part."

"Why not, did she say?"

"Well, one thing, maybe the main thing, is that somebody calls her 'Fat-

so,' " the agent confided.

Judy did have a weight problem, and during the Broadway run of *Born Yesterday* the stage manager would call me from time to time and sing, "Judy's busting out all over!" Whereupon a conference would be held and Judy would go on a diet until she could get into her wardrobe again.

Once we agreed to delete the "Fatso," Judy agreed to accept the part. (Later, during filming, the F-word was reinserted at her insistence. She was a consummate professional.)

In *Adam's Rib* Judy played the hapless Doris Attinger, who had attempted the murder of her unfaithful husband, and her principal scene took place at police headquarters. Kate, who played Attinger's attorney, generously insisted that the scene—which involved her taking a long and detailed deposition from her client—be filmed over her shoulder, thereby keeping the camera's focus on Judy. The scene lasted about eight minutes. Judy scored so triumphantly that Cohn relented and cast her in *Born Yesterday*.

Kate had the temerity to ask Cole Porter to write a song for David Wayne, who played Kip, the songwriting neighbor, to sing to her. Porter claimed he couldn't write a song entitled "Madeline," the original name of Kate's character in the film. I thought it was his uniquely polite way of turning Kate down. As usual, she knew better. So when Porter called to tell us that he would do it, provided we change the character's name from Madeline to Amanda, I was the only shocked one in the



Defense witnesses include Olympia LaPere, a former circus lifter and acrobat who makes a stand for women's equality by lifting Adam, the prosecuting attorney, and holding him over her head. The stunt disrupts the proceedings and terrifies Adam. "Let me down," he squeals, ineffectually.



Publicly humiliated, Adam has lost the case. Even Amanda thinks her tactics went too far. Instead of sympathizing, the Bonners' neighbor Kip tries wooing her: "You are mighty attractive in every single way, Mrs. Bonner—but I would probably love anybody so long as they lived across the hall."

group. (To this day, I still prefer Madeline to Amanda, Cole Porter notwithstanding.)

Kate and Spence were completely believable as the married lawyers, the Bonners. Their on-camera relationship reflected both the easy intimacy they shared in their off-screen relationship and much of my own marriage to Ruth. They were easy to write for. I had known them for years. In fact, I was there when they met.

So many versions of their first meeting are extant that all of them are suspect. But my recollections are firsthand. It has been said that Katharine Hepburn is tall, not so tall as she thinks she is, but tall. In addition, she is in the habit of wearing shoes that add another two inches.

She was wearing these when she and Tracy met by accident on the M-G-M lot.

They were introduced, and as they shook hands, Kate, in her celebrated comic-malicious tones, said, "I'm afraid I'm a little tall for you, Mr. Tracy."

"Don't worry, honey," he said. "I'll cut you down to my size!"

Laughter all around, and the rest, as they say, is history. And what a history!

Their first film together was *Woman of the Year*, written by my brother, Michael Kanin, and Ring Lardner Jr., with expert kibbitzing by Kate and me.

After a too-long professional separation they did *Adam's Rib*, followed by seven more films together, among them another one by Ruth and me, *Pat and Mike*, in which we used Kate's considerable athletic prowess. She is a tennis player of championship mettle, a powerful swimmer and

a ranking golfer.

Spencer, conversely, was a man who believed that walking was enough.

It's strange that today, in an era when remakes and sequels are a staple of the industry (consider *Rambo IV*, or is it *V*?) no one has seriously considered a remake of *Adam's Rib*.

On a recent trip to Hollywood I asked around, suggested it, although I can hope to reap no financial benefit whatever. The movie was made in the day of studio-dominated deals, when residuals were unheard of and writers were happy to get their one-time-only contracts.

"Great idea," said one brilliant young executive. "Now tell me who's going to be Tracy, and who Hepburn?"

I saw what he meant. ■

A Testament **By Andrew Sarris**

In 1949, a dark and somber year for Hollywood movies, *Adam's Rib* belied its sexist, if Biblical, title and surfaced as an instant classic of feminist sass and savvy.

The cold war was heating up, and the blacklisting of suspected communist screenwriters, directors and actors would soon polarize the entertainment industry. As usual, Hollywood's anxiety found its way into the movies.

All the King's Men, a withering portrait of political corruption in Louisiana, won the best-picture Oscar in 1949. The disturbing film noir genre was finding an audience, and a group of Negro protest films were racing one another to the screen. Even comedies—*A Letter to Three Wives*, *I Was a Male War Bride* and *Adam's Rib*—had more bite and bitterness than did their merry predecessors.

Adam's Rib marked the triumphant reunion of Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, who had first appeared together in *Woman of the Year* (1942). In *Adam's Rib*, the two played Adam and Amanda Bonner, lawyers married to each other and on opposite sides of a courtroom war between the sexes. While Tracy and Hepburn occupied the movie's comic foreground, four extraordinarily talented newcomers to the screen filled in the background with incisively drawn farcical brush strokes. Judy Holliday made a brilliant film debut as Doris Attinger, the homicidal housewife and mother brought to trial for shooting her spouse in his illicit

love nest. With acerbic bitchiness, Jean Hagen played Beryl Caighn, the "other woman," and rubbery-faced Tom Ewell was virtually typecast as wimpish Warren Attinger, the insensitive cad of a husband. David Wayne struck just the right note as the irritating and intrusive songwriting neighbor, Kip Lurie.

Director George Cukor and writers Garson Kanin and Ruth Gordon worked to meld these individual talents into a seamless ensemble. Nonetheless, Tracy and Hepburn remained the main attractions in their portrayal of a surprisingly modern couple, professionally competitive yet responsive to old-fashioned romance. The Bonners were witty and urbane, their dialogue playful and charming. They prefigured today's upscale sophisticates by 30 years. With Tracy prosecuting Holliday for attempted murder, and Hepburn defending her, the scales were balanced in a completely novel way for 1949.

What remains notable and lasting about *Adam's Rib* is Adam and Amanda's marital relationship, at once acid and loving. In one of the most memorable scenes, for example, Adam is giving his wife a massage. On the surface, all is chummy, but Adam is in fact very angry, feeling threatened by his wife's commitment to the case. Suddenly, he smacks Amanda's backside. Despite his protests of playful innocence—"Something the matter? What's the beef?"—Amanda jumps to her feet, furious: "You meant that, didn't you? You did. I can tell. I know your

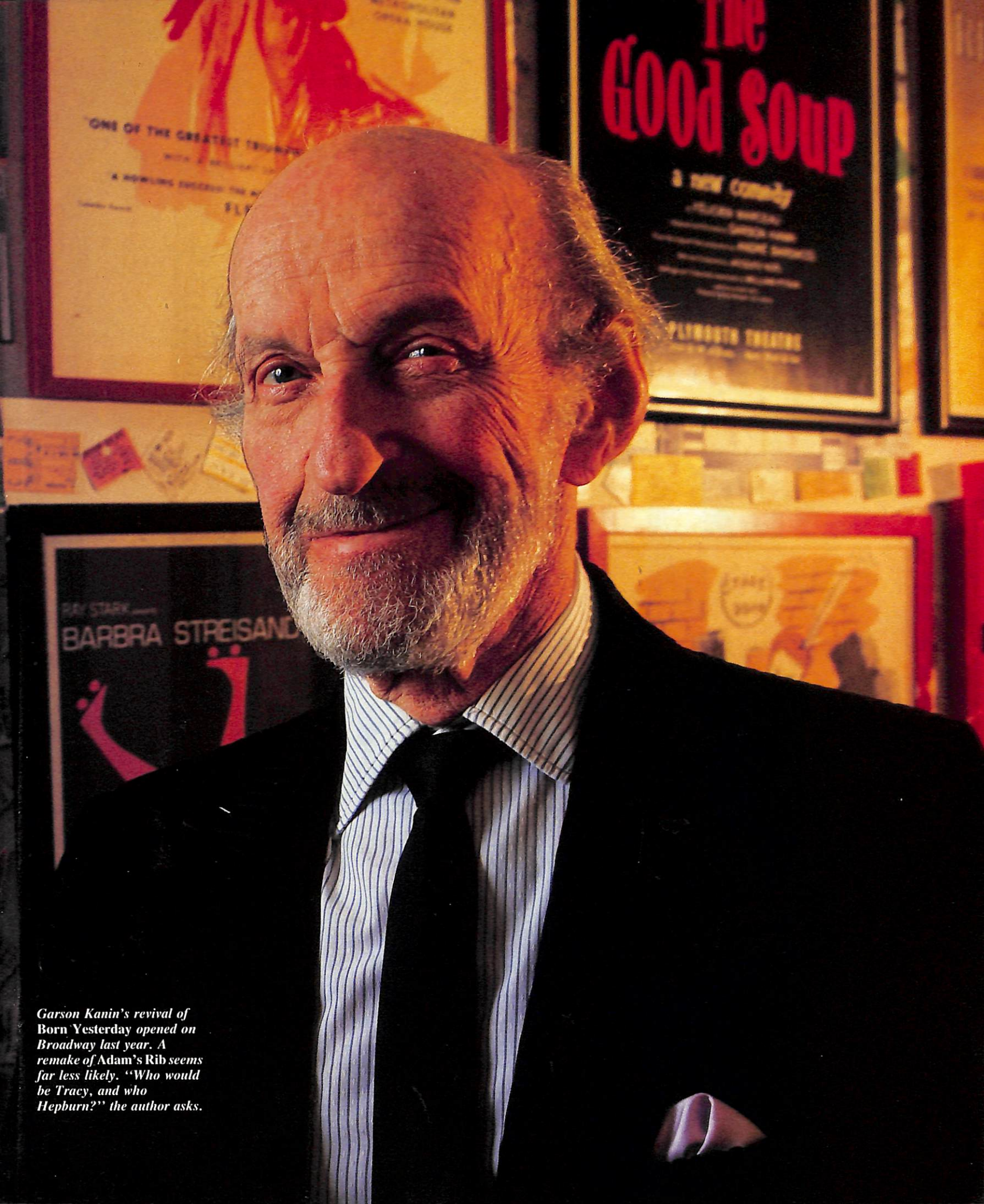
touch." Hepburn's outrage, her uncompromising feminism, blazes through the comic facade to present a highly charged and surprisingly dramatic moment.

In another such scene, Tracy pulls a gun on his wife and Wayne, who is trying to woo her. Their fear—and ours—is real. And though we laugh when the gun turns out to be licorice, the underlying unpredictability of human nature gives the moment an extra dramatic edge.

For the most part, Tracy maintains his composure, except when he is lifted high off the courtroom floor by Olympia LaPere (played by Hope Emerson, a muscular and hilariously deadpan actress), a defense witness who has worked as an acrobat and circus lifter. To win his point, the case and Amanda's affection, Tracy is prepared to shed fake tears and feign an emotional collapse, but he will never capitulate in the battle between the sexes.

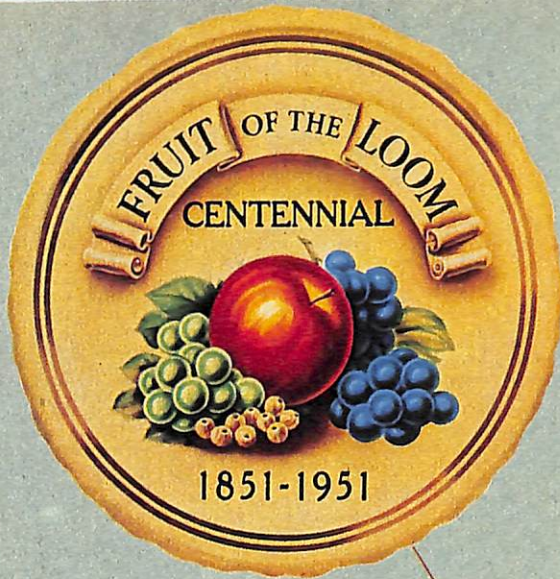
The movie's armed-truce ending is not one of its strong points. Perhaps once the Pandora's box of heterosexual hostility is opened as wide as it is in *Adam's Rib*, there is no easy way to close it. Nevertheless, the film continues to endure and delight because it so beautifully describes the mess men and women still find themselves in today. ■

ANDREW SARRIS, professor of film at Columbia University, is author of *The American Cinema* and other books about film. His latest, *The American Sound Film*, is due out next year.



Garson Kanin's revival of Born Yesterday opened on Broadway last year. A remake of Adam's Rib seems far less likely. "Who would be Tracy, and who Hepburn?" the author asks.

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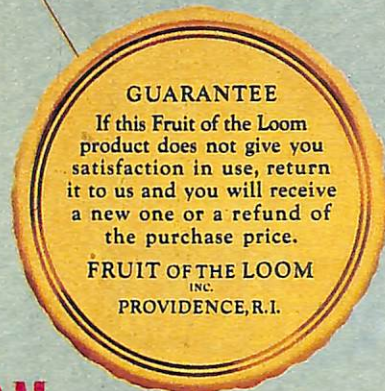
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My grampa, the “double Laker.” My brother and I called him that. It sounds silly, but Sundays at the family pancake breakfast, he’d always earn the nickname.

Here’s what he’d do: When “Pa” thought no one was watching, he’d knife up some butter and hide it under his top pancake. Then, as if nothing had happened, he’d dive back into the butter dish, this time burying the top of his stack with LAND O LAKES® Butter. Hence the name, “double Laker.”

I never told anyone about this. But somebody did. Because just last Sunday I spied my son, Aaron, doing the same thing to his pancakes. And he didn’t learn it from me. Honest!



The Taste That Brings You Back

OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER

1959

30 YEARS AGO

SETON'S SAINTHOOD

Oct. 11 Speaking in halting English, Pope John XXIII today announced from the Vatican that steps had been taken that would lead to the canonization of the first American-born saint. Mother Elizabeth Seton was a convert from Protestantism, as well as a widow and mother. The founder of the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph, she was born in 1774 and died in 1821.

Update After several healing miracles had been attributed to her, Mother Seton was canonized by Pope Paul VI in an unusual outdoor ceremony at the Vatican



PICTORIAL PARADE

on Sept. 14, 1975. Women were invited for the first time to participate in a canonization ceremony.

COPS AND ROBBERS

Oct. 15 *The Untouchables*, a shoot-'em-up police drama starring Robert Stack as F.B.I. agent Eliot Ness, debuts on ABC.

Update The program became hugely popular, though critics objected to its gratuitous violence and many Italian-Americans were offended by its depiction of Italians as gangsters. The program ran until September 1963. Today Stack hosts NBC's *Unsolved Mysteries*.

BRUCE STARR/GLOBE PHOTOS

FIFTH AVENUE FANCY

Oct. 21 Though it has been likened to a Jell-O mold and a washtub, New York's new Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, designed by architect Frank Lloyd Wright, gained some respect today as it was dedicated by city and Federal officials, with special greetings sent from President Eisenhower. The six-story circular building will house a collection of 20th-century art. The architect died seven months before the dedication.



RALPH CRANE/BLACK STAR

LUNIK III PHONES HOME

Oct. 27 The Soviet Union releases man's first photographs of the dark side of the moon. They were taken by Lunik III, a spacecraft sent aloft earlier this month on the second anniversary of the launching of Sputnik, the Russian satellite that began the space age. The images, transmitted

300,000 miles to Earth, reveal terrain similar to the Badlands of America's Southwest. Though fascinated by the Soviets' achievements, U.S. scientists are glum over their failure to launch a similar spacecraft after its rocket exploded on the launching pad last month.

CHANNEL CHOICE

Oct. 19 *Rocky and His Friends*, a hip cartoon series that appeals as much to adults as to children, premieres on ABC. Rocky (short

for Rocket J. Squirrel) is joined by a bevy of sidekicks, including a hapless moose named Bullwinkle and a failed femme fatale, Natasha.

Update After one season as a morning show, *Rocky* got a second incarnation as an evening program on NBC, where it ran for a year as *The Bullwinkle Show*. A film version of the cartoon, starring Sally Kellerman as Natasha, is scheduled for release in November.



PHOTOFEST

Miscellany

Oct. 1 Atlantic and Gulf Coast ports from Maine to Texas are closed by striking longshoremen ... **Oct. 5** Singer Bobby Darin's rendition of "Mack the Knife" begins nine weeks at top of music charts ... **Oct. 7** Opera tenor Mario Lanza dies at 38 ... **Oct. 14** Swashbuckling film star Errol Flynn dies at 50 ... **Nov. 7** Supreme Court upholds Taft-Hartley injunction, sending 500,000 striking steelworkers back to their jobs ... **Nov. 8** Months of undercover work by five New York narcotics agents disguised as beatniks result in more than 100 drug arrests ... **Nov. 9** Housewives are warned against cooking with cranberries after shipments are found to contain aminotriazole, a weed killer ... **Nov. 18** For first time since 1929, Vatican reviews its index of 5,000 forbidden books ... **Nov. 26** Atlas-Able rocket crashes into Atlantic after failing to put payload into moon orbit ... **Nov. 23** John Jacob Astor 3d, left out of half-brother Vincent's will, is awarded \$250,000 of Vincent's fortune by the courts.



GLOBE PHOTOS

Diversions

Movies *Ben Hur*, starring Charlton Heston; *The Last Angry Man*, with Paul Muni; Peter Sellers and Jean Seberg in *The Mouse That Roared*; Rock Hudson and Doris Day in *Pillow Talk*. **On Broadway** *The Miracle Worker* with Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. **New Reads** *Hawaii* by James A. Michener, *The Mansion* by William Faulkner.

Carlton. It's lowest in tar and nicotine.



U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:

Carlton is lowest.

King Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

**30 YEARS AGO:
FORD CONCEDES DEFEAT ON THE E-CAR**

The car was ambitious. It was innovative. It was instantly recognizable. It was also a \$350-million megaflop.

Is it a...Utopian Turtletop?



Dearborn Diamanté?

Pluma Piluma?

Mongoose Civique?

Pastelogram?

Triskelion?

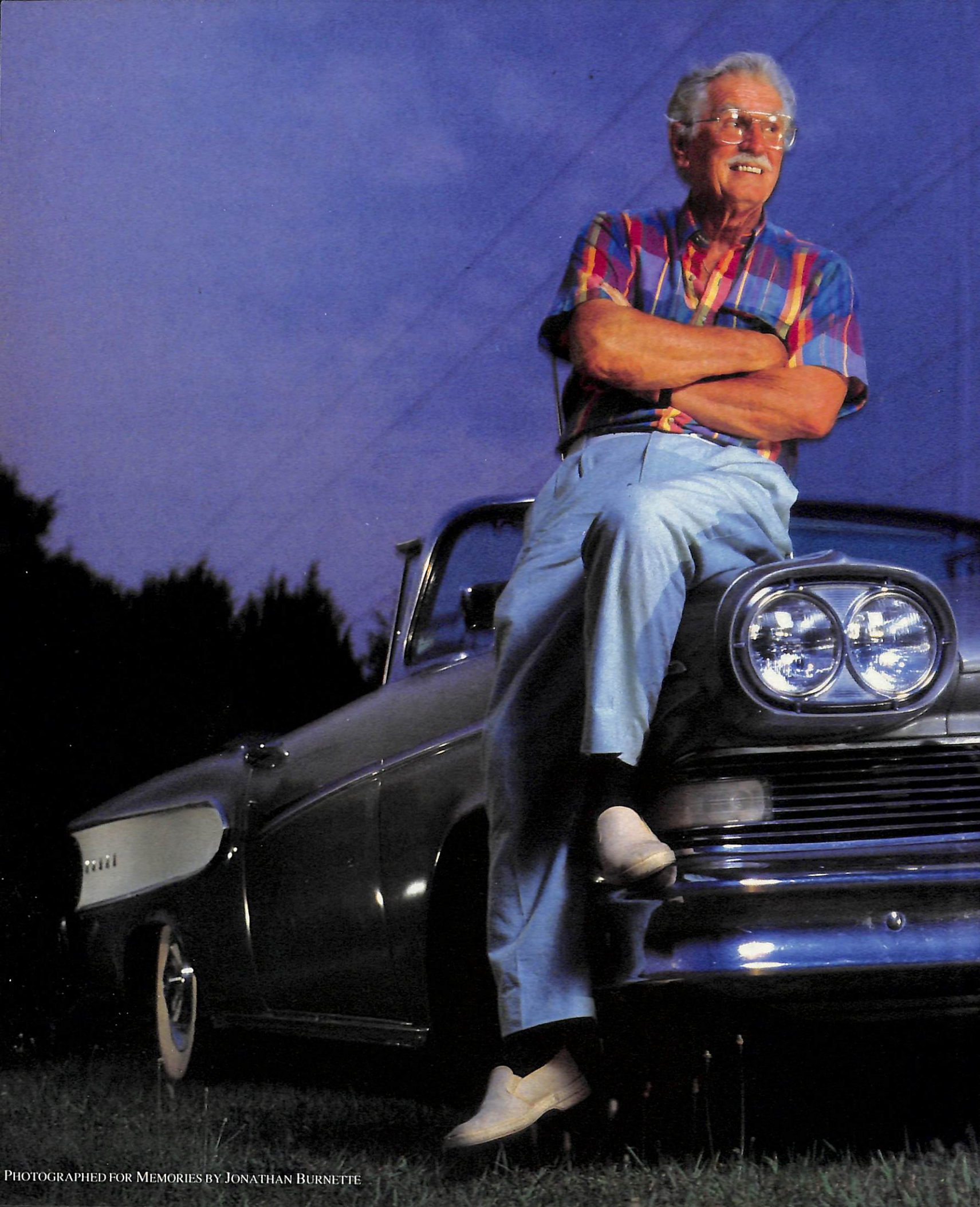
Regna Racer?



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY HIRSCH (4)



No, it's an...



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY JONATHAN BURNETTE

EDSEL!

By DeWitt Sage

It was a failure of such colossal proportions that its very name would come to connote disasters of the monumental kind. When it was finally put out of its misery, in November 1959, the Edsel had made the Ford Motor Co. a national laughingstock.

Like the Edsel, the Titanic and the Hindenburg were vehicles of misfortune. But no one ever suggested that either was foolish. The Edsel was foolish. It was epic in its foolishness. It was the Spruce Goose, the Bay of Pigs, the *Heaven's Gate* of automobiles. Car buyers took one look, laughed, and stayed away in droves. In fact, the American people seemed to like nothing about the car, including its name. Amazingly, considering its pedigree, it wasn't an easy name to come by, as the American poet Marianne Moore would learn the hard way.

October 19, 1955

Dear Miss Moore:

This morning we find ourselves with a problem which, strangely enough, is more in the field of words and the fragile meaning of words than in car-making. And we just wonder whether you might be intrigued with it sufficiently to lend us a hand.

Our dilemma is a name for a rather important new series of cars.

We should like this name to be more than a label. Specifically, we should like it to have a compelling quality in itself and by itself. To convey, through association or other conjuration, some visceral feeling of elegance, fleetness, and advanced features

Chief designer Roy A. Brown Jr. gave the car a vertical grille, which drew applause in the boardroom and guffaws in the showroom.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (2)

Louis Crusoe (left) had the idea to develop a car for the midprice market. Robert McNamara, then a Ford vice president, was cool from the start. Poet Marianne Moore, enlisted to help name the car, admired its "fishy buoyancy."



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

dent of Ford for 20 years and father of Henry II, had died in 1943, a man broken by a life of trying to bend his father's rigid code and absolute corporate control.

But now, in 1955, Henry Ford Sr. was gone, and the time had come to mount a midpriced challenge to G.M. To do so, Crusoe and his deputy, Jack Reith, devised a bold and risky (and phenomenally expensive) "Big Plan." It called for the creation of four new divisions within Ford: Continental, Mercury, Lincoln and, most audacious of all, a Special Products Division, charged with building a totally original E (for experimental) car that would have its own fac-

and design. A name, in short, that flashes a dramatically desirable picture in people's minds.

Over the past few weeks this office has confected a list of three hundred-odd candidates which, it pains me to relate, are characterized by an embarrassing pedestrianism. We are miles short of our ambition. And so we are seeking the help of one who knows more about this sort of magic than we . . . All we want is a colossal name (another "Thunderbird" would be fine) . . .

Respectfully,
Robert B. Young
Marketing Research Department
[Ford Motor Co.]

October 21, 1955

Let me take it under advisement, Mr. Young. I am complimented to be recruited in this high matter.

I have seen and admired "Thunderbird" as a Ford designation. It would be hard to match; but let me, the coming week, talk with my brother who would bring ardor and imagination to bear on the quest.

Sincerely yours . . .
Marianne Moore

Thunderbird? As things turned out, the more appropriate name might well have been the Turkey, or even the Albatross.

How did the best and the brightest automobile executives, designers, engineers and salesmen in the motor-car capital of the world design, produce and present to the American public the most resonant

megaflop in automotive history?

The answer to that question begins with the vision, zeal and hubris of one Ford executive, Louis D. Crusoe, a prized recruit from General Motors with a reputation for brilliance and a passion for building cars. At the time the Edsel began to gleam in his eye, Crusoe was the chief architect of the newly created Ford Division and third in line of succession to Henry Ford II, the young grandson of the founder, who was now running the company. The American public was buying cars as never before (7 million were sold in 1955). And low-priced Fords were battling General Motors' Chevrolets for the mass market.

The darkest cloud on Crusoe's vast and generally pleasing horizon was the fact that too many image-conscious Ford owners, as they prospered, were trading in their sturdy Ford "Customs" to buy midpriced G.M. cars—Buicks, Oldsmobiles, Pontiacs or, to a lesser extent, Chrysler's Dodges and DeSotos. With only the Mercury line to offer, Ford was getting clobbered in the midpriced car market. Ford publicist C. Gayle Warnock remembers Crusoe's "chalk talks" on the subject, complete with drawings of a ladder. "He'd tell us, 'We got rungs, rungs missing in the Ford ladder. We're missing the middle rungs.'"

Henry Ford Sr., the founding father, had always believed that Ford should be a one-car company (Model A, Model T, etc.) providing a basic, affordable vehicle for the masses. His only son, Edsel, presi-

ties and dealerships and would offer four series and 18 models of cars. "We're tired of growing buyers for General Motors," Crusoe declared. "I don't want to drive a man out of my store just because he wants something better."

But the business of introducing a brand-new make of car is enormously risky. Initially, the E-car had been envisioned as a new Mercury model; Crusoe's "Big Plan" made it an independent entity with four full model lines, vastly increasing the risk of failure. Out of the nearly 3,000 makes of automobile introduced since the turn of the century, fewer than 25 were still being manufactured. (Who remembers the Black Crow, the Bugmobile or the Dan Patch?) But to Crusoe and Henry Ford II, the E-car was not risk but opportunity incarnate. Visions of elegance, flashes of fleetness, apparitions of advanced features and design!

November 13, 1955

Dear Mr. Young:

The sketches. They are indeed exciting; they have quality, and the toucan tones lend tremendous allure—confirmed by the wheels. Half the magic—sustaining effects of this kind. Looked at upside down, furthermore, there is a sense of fishy buoyancy. Immediately your word impeccable sprang to mind. Might it be a possibility? The Impeccable. In any case, the baguette lapidary glamor you have achieved certainly spurs the imagination. Car-innovation is like launching a ship—"drama" . . .

Sincerely yours,
Marianne Moore

DEWITT SAGE is a screenwriter, producer and director (Distant Harmony) whose most recent screenplay is about the Ford Pinto.

[November 19, 1955]

Some other suggestions, Mr. Young, for the phenomenon:

THE RESILIENT BULLET

or intelligent bullet

or bullet cloisonné or Bullet Lavolta

(I have always had a fancy for **THE INTELLIGENT WHALE**—the little first Navy submarine, shaped like a sweet-potato; on view in our Brooklyn Yard).

THE FORD FABERGÉ (that there is also a perfume **FABERGÉ** seems to me to do no harm here, allusion to the original silversmith).

THE ARC-en-CIEL (the rainbow)
ARCENCIEL?

Please do not feel that memoranda from me need acknowledgement. I am not working day and night for you; I feel that etymological hits are partially accidental.

Sincerely yours,
Marianne Moore

The orders given to chief designer Roy A. Brown Jr. were to create a car that would be instantly recognizable, front, side and back. "Road recognition" we called it," Brown remembers, "the ability to identify the car at one glance." At the time, nearly every one of the 19 other American car lines on the road displayed a wide horizontal grille. Brown, who had long admired the vertical grille of the 1939 Cadillac LaSalle, bucked the trend by designing a vertical grille for the E-car. ("It is crisp and fresh looking," Brown boasted at the time. "That grille could become a classic.") For the rear of the car, he splayed 25-inch-wide "gull-wing" tail lights across the fenders and trunk. In addition to a unique look, deluxe models of the E-car would have standard equipment designed to capture the upwardly mobile market: a 345-horsepower engine, and a push-button, automatic (Teletouch) transmission located in the center of the steering wheel! Both features would also be available as options on the non-deluxe models.

November 28, 1955

TO: Mr. Robert B. Young

From: Marianne Moore

MONGOOSE CIVIQUE

ANTICIPATOR

REGNA RACER (couronne à couronne)

sovereign to sovereign

AEROTERRE

fée rapide (aerofère, aero faire, fée aiglette, magifaire) comme il faire

tonnere alifère (wingèd thunder)

aliforme alifère (wing-slender a-wing)

TURBOTORC (used as an adjective by Plymouth)

THUNDERBIRD allié

(Cousin Thunderbird)

THUNDER CRESTER

DEARBORN diamanté

MAGIGRAVURE

PASTELOGRAM

I shall be returning the sketches very soon.

M.M.

On Aug. 15, 1955, Henry Ford II, his right-hand man Ernie Breech, and members of Ford's Forward Planning Committee sat silently in a semicircle. The curtains of the styling center's stage parted to reveal Roy Brown standing next to his masterwork, a life-sized model of the E-car, clay over wood, pressed tin foil for chrome, the body covered with mylar and the whole thing enameled pale blue. "You couldn't tell it from the real thing," Brown remembers proudly. There was a long silence. Then Henry Ford stood up and began to applaud. The others joined in, and the applause grew loud, sustained. Nothing like this had ever before happened in the sacrosanct chambers of the styling center. From then on, it was full speed ahead.

December 6, 1955

TO: Mr. Robert B. Young

From: Marianne Moore

regina-rex

taper racer

Varsity Stroke

angelastro

astronaut

chaparral

tir à l'arc (bull's eye)

cresta lark

triskelion (three legs running)

pluma piluma (hairfine, featherfoot)

andante con moto (description of a good motor?)

M.M.

Not everyone clamored aboard. One Edsel skeptic, Harley Copp, chief engineer of the Continental, remembers being summoned to the office of Robert S. McNamara, then vice president and general manager

of the Ford Division, who asked for his opinion of the E-car.

Copp remembers telling McNamara, "The [front of the] car looks like a chrome toilet seat, and while you can sell a car on styling alone, the Edsel's styling is much too controversial." Worse, Copp went on, "There's nothing else. There's no real innovation. The push-button [transmission]? Hell, Chrysler already has that."

Copp also remembers that McNamara just smiled. Then he winked. "Harley," he said, "don't tell anyone. Let's just stick to our own jobs." They kept their mouths shut, and they kept their distance.

Within the company, though, it soon became common knowledge that McNamara, who would eventually become president of Ford, had privately written the car off. (He would later serve both John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson as Secretary of Defense and would be one of the principal architects of the U.S. involvement in Vietnam.)

December 8, 1955

Mr. Young:

May I submit **UTOPIAN TURTLETOP?**

Do not trouble to answer unless you like it.

Marianne Moore

November 8, 1956

Dear Miss Moore:

Because you were so kind to us in our early and hopeful days of looking for a suitable name, I feel a deep obligation to report on events that ensued

We have chosen a name out of the six-thousand-odd candidates that we gathered. It has a certain ring to it. An air of gaiety and zest. At least that's what we keep saying. Our name, dear Miss Moore, is—Edsel.

I know you will share your sympathies with us.

Cordially,

David Wallace, Manager

Marketing Research

In the year leading up to the unveiling of the E-car, Ford engaged in a promotional campaign that *The*



William Clay Ford, Benson Ford and Henry Ford II at the 1957 unveiling of the car named for their father.

UPI/GETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

New York Times called an “automotive striptease.” “My strategy was to keep the press guys talking as much as they could,” recalls publicist Warnock. “I never exactly started any rumors, but I certainly made it my business to never discourage any that came along.” Not until March did Warnock begin to show the car to selected members of the press, and then only under lock and key. When the company began shipping the car to dealers, it wrapped the front and back ends of every vehicle in cloth “diapers” to prevent prying eyes from seeing the new design. Suspense mounted.

On Sept. 4, 1957—the 40th birthday of Henry Ford II—the Edsel went on display at 1,200 dealers across the country at prices ranging from about \$2,200 to more than \$4,000, competitive with other mid-priced models. This time the silence was broken not by applause but by giggles,

then guffaws and horse laughs. “Men and boys at times registered grunts of disapproval,” reported the *Atlanta Constitution* of Sept. 5, 1957, “usually in reference to the vertical grille (‘Maybe I’ll get used to it . . .’).” Soon the jokes started: “It looks like an Oldsmobile sucking a lemon.” The elliptical grille was likened, as Copp had predicted, to a toilet seat, to a horse collar, even to female reproductive organs (“They ought to call it the Ethel”). And the location of the push-button transmission in the center of the steering wheel turned out to be too tricky for most people.

Still, timing is everything, and the Edsel might have survived had its timing been better. But when the car was introduced, the country was deep in recession. Even sales of established midpriced cars were hurting. Small, economy cars (like the VW Beetle) were the order of the day. As publicist Warnock put it in *The Edsel*

Affair, the car was “introduced too late for the market for which it was planned.”

After two years on the market, only 108,000 had been sold, barely half the projection for the first year alone. The final decision to scuttle the Edsel was made in the summer of 1959 and announced that fall. Thousands of Ford employees lost their jobs, and hundreds of Edsel dealers faced bankruptcy. Ford lost as much as \$350 million, at that time the most money ever lost on the launching of an American product.

On the bright side, Marianne Moore wanted no remuneration for her efforts. “I thank you,” she wrote to Robert Young, “for realizing that under contract esprit could not flower. You owe me nothing, specific or moral.” Her enlistment was without doubt Ford’s most cost-effective initiative in the brief, unhappy history of the Edsel motor car. ■

“People Aren’t Laughing Anymore”



Roy Brown (1957): “Enough self-pity. To hell with it!”

This is the story of an ugly duckling that became a swan. I’m proud of the car. It has lasted 30 years, and you want to know something? I don’t think of the car as a failure. It’s the biggest success on the road today, as a well-designed, well-engineered car. It still looks different from any other car, and that’s exactly what we were asked to design: instant recognition. It was laughed at for a long time, but people aren’t laughing anymore.”

The speaker, Roy A. Brown Jr., was chief stylist of Ford’s Edsel Division and the man who designed the Edsel. (He was also consulting designer of the Batmobile

used in the *Batman* TV show of the 1960’s.) If success has a thousand fathers, the Edsel has Brown. He loves the car and always has.

“Oh, I was hurt, disappointed that the car did badly. I cried in my beer for a couple of days. They demoted me [to Ford Trucks, where Brown helped design the successful Econoline], cut my pay, and some people wouldn’t talk to me. But after a couple of days I said, ‘Enough self-pity, enthusiasm’s got me where I am, and to hell with it!’ My boss,

George Walker, sent me to Ford of Britain and told me just do a job and climb back up the ladder.”

Which is just what he did. Between 1961 and 1964 he was principal designer of Ford of Britain’s Mark-3 Zodiac, the Zephyr, the Cortina and the Corsair. “The way I see it is that everything in life is a learning experience,” Brown says. “You just try to learn a lesson from it and get on. That’s been my philosophy. Even with the Edsel, you see, it’s had a rebirth.”

Indeed it has. Today there are two clubs, the International Edsel Club, with members in this country as well as England, Sweden, New Zealand and Australia,

and the Virginia-based Edsel Owners Club, with some 1,300 members. There are even annual Edsel conventions and three newsletters: the *Edseletter*, the *Big E* and the *Green Line*.

Prices of the cars keep going up, and one in good condition can bring \$18,000 or even more. Says Barry Stoyer, an Orlando, Fla., collector, “People come up to me and say, ‘My father used to laugh at this car. Now he’s wondering where he can find one just like it.’” Stoyer, who has owned more than 150 cars, says he never loved one more than his Edsel.

Since retiring from Ford, Brown divides his time between homes in Michigan and Fort Lauderdale, where he is busy doing architectural renderings, painting and photography. “I love today’s designs,” he says, “but the cars all look alike—American, German . . . How many ways can you decorate an egg? We need another Edsel.”

Brown himself owns two cars, a late-model Lincoln and a 1958 white and turquoise Edsel Pacer convertible, similar to the one he first presented to the Ford board over 30 years ago. Whenever he drives it, he says, people come up and exclaim, “What a beautiful car!”

To which Brown, of course, answers, “Hey, you’re looking at the guy who designed it. Where were you in ’58 when we needed you?” —D.S.



What you could miss if you skip this ad.

Every day you can brush like crazy.

Floss like mad. And still run the risk of having dental problems.

Which isn't fair. But what can you do?

Keep brushing. Keep flossing. And use the Water Pik® Oral Irrigator



every day. It helps clean out the plaque-causing bacteria and nasty bits of food debris that hide under the gum line, and in the tiniest spaces between your teeth.

Areas that all the brushing and flossing in the world can't reach.

And with cleaner teeth and gums, chances are gum



disease won't start. And your teeth will stay right where they are. In your great-looking smile.

Ask your dentist about the Water Pik Oral Irrigator. Without it, there could be a gap in your oral hygiene.

Water Pik® DENTAL SYSTEMS
Because brushing and flossing aren't enough.



The Water Pik® Dental Systems are acceptable as effective cleansing devices for use as part of a program for good oral hygiene to supplement the regular professional care required for oral health. Council on Dental Materials, Instruments and Equipment. American Dental Association. © Teledyne Water Pik 1988

30 Years Ago

All-at-once Spaghetti!

all in one pot,
with Hunt's Tomato Sauce...
tomato at its cookin' best



ALL-AT-ONCE SPAGHETTI

Works like a charm, this new recipe! You cook your meat, onions, and your spaghetti, all in the same pot — in spicy-rich Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Think of all the time you'll save, the pots you *won't* have to wash. And the flavor! With Hunt's ripe-tomato goodness cooked right in, it's wonderful!

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 tablesp. pure vegetable oil,
such as Wesson Oil | 2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce |
| 1 large onion, chopped | 1½ cups water |
| ½ lb. ground beef | ¼ lb. uncooked spaghetti
(half an 8-oz. package) |
| 1½ teasp. salt | Pepper to taste |
| | Grated cheese |

Heat oil in deep pot or skillet. Add onion, cook until soft. Crumble in beef. Stir and fry until meat loses red color. Sprinkle salt and pepper over. Pour in Hunt's Tomato Sauce and water; bring to boil. Break spaghetti in half; sprinkle in a little at a time, stirring it into sauce to keep it separated. Cover tightly. Simmer 20-30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve with cheese. Makes 3-4 servings.

Creative cooking comes easy with Hunt's Tomato Sauce. There are so many ways you can use it to brighten up your everyday cooking. For example, 2 cans of Hunt's plus 1 can of water makes a quick, basic sauce for ½ lb. of macaroni. Then add your own variations and seasonings.

Look for new recipes too, on every can of Hunt's Tomato Sauce.



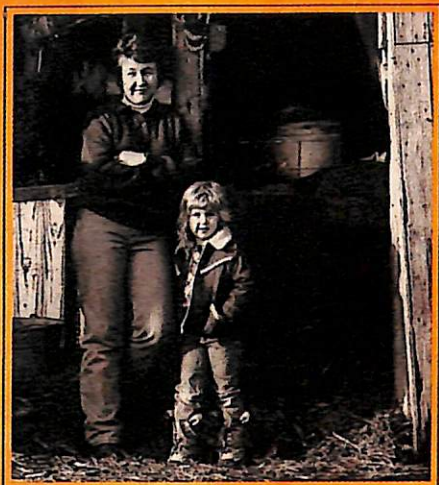
WRITE FOR FREE RECIPE BOOKLET:

"21 NEW WAYS TO SERVE HAMBURGER," HUNT FOODS, DEPT. A-10, P.O. BOX 3, FULLERTON, CALIF. IN CANADA: HUNT FOODS, TILBURY, ONT.

Hunt...for the best

HUNT'S® GREAT AMERICAN COOKS

*This is Vera Celise Polglaze.
She's teaching her daughter piano.
Did her bedspread in needlepoint.
She uses Hunt's.*



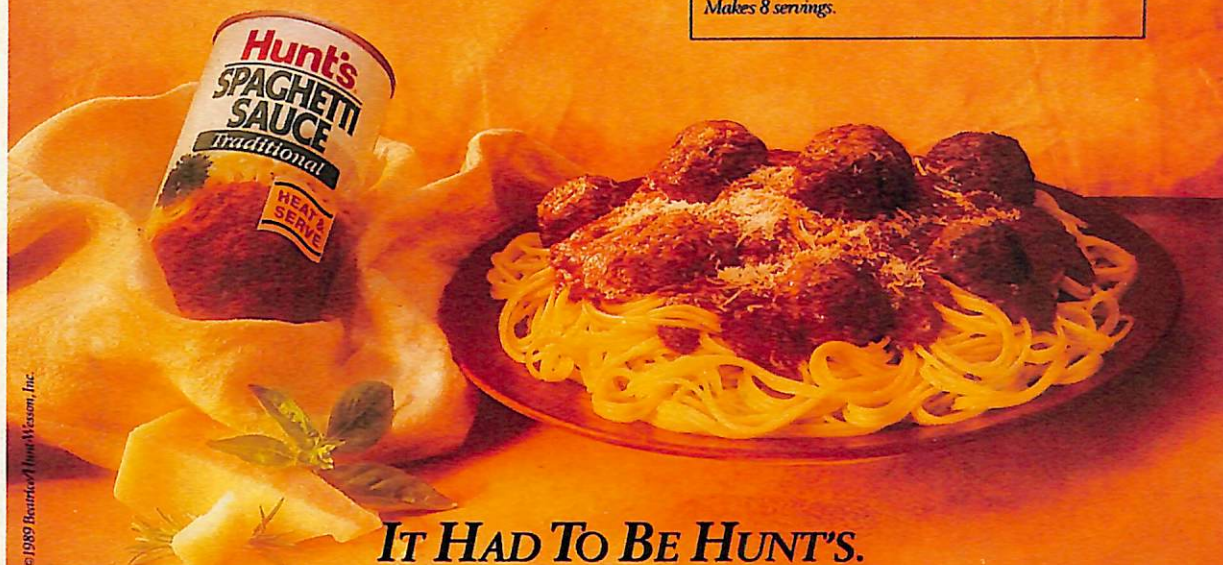
This is her Hunt's Spaghetti Romano.

Vera was raised on a farm. So she grew up with good home cooking. Now that she works and has a family, Hunt's Spaghetti Sauce has become a family tradition. Not surprising. Folks have been cooking with the goodness of Hunt's for 100 years. Now, it's just easier. And with Vera's touch, it's never been better.

Vera's Spaghetti Romano

1/2 cup water	2 eggs, slightly beaten
6 slices Italian bread, torn into small pieces	2 tablesp. Wesson Oil
1 lb. ground beef	1/2 tablesp. minced garlic
1/2 lb. ground pork	2 (27 1/2-oz.) cans Hunt's Spaghetti Sauce, Traditional
1/2 cup each: chopped onions and grated fresh Romano cheese	Hot cooked spaghetti

In small bowl, pour water over bread; let soak 5 minutes. In large bowl, mix soaked bread with remaining ingredients except spaghetti sauce and spaghetti. Shape into 16 over-size meatballs. Place meatballs in 13 x 9 x 2-inch baking dish. Bake, uncovered, at 350°F for 30 minutes; drain. Pour spaghetti sauce over drained meatballs and bake 20 minutes longer. Serve over hot cooked spaghetti. Makes 8 servings.



IT HAD TO BE HUNT'S.



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Introducing
Winter Fresh[®] and Cinnamon


Try the two newest reasons to chew Extra.
Extra Winter Fresh and Extra Cinnamon. Like all
Extra sugarfree gums, they give you truly long
lasting flavor.

New Extra Winter Fresh will delight your mouth with
a unique sensation. You'll experience a deliciously
fresh flavor that no other sugarfree gum offers.

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gum made with NutraSweet[®] brand sweetener. No
other sugarfree cinnamon gum can give you long
lasting flavor like this.

Extra Winter Fresh and Extra Cinnamon. Try them
both soon and discover two new unique flavors of
Extra that last an extra, extra, extra long time.



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30 YEARS AGO: THE TWILIGHT ZONE MAKES TV DEBUT

The eerie, offbeat show, created by playwright Rod Serling, startled TV viewers into thinking and seeing beyond the obvious.

TWILIGHT ZONE

A Serling Performance

By Gordon F. Sander

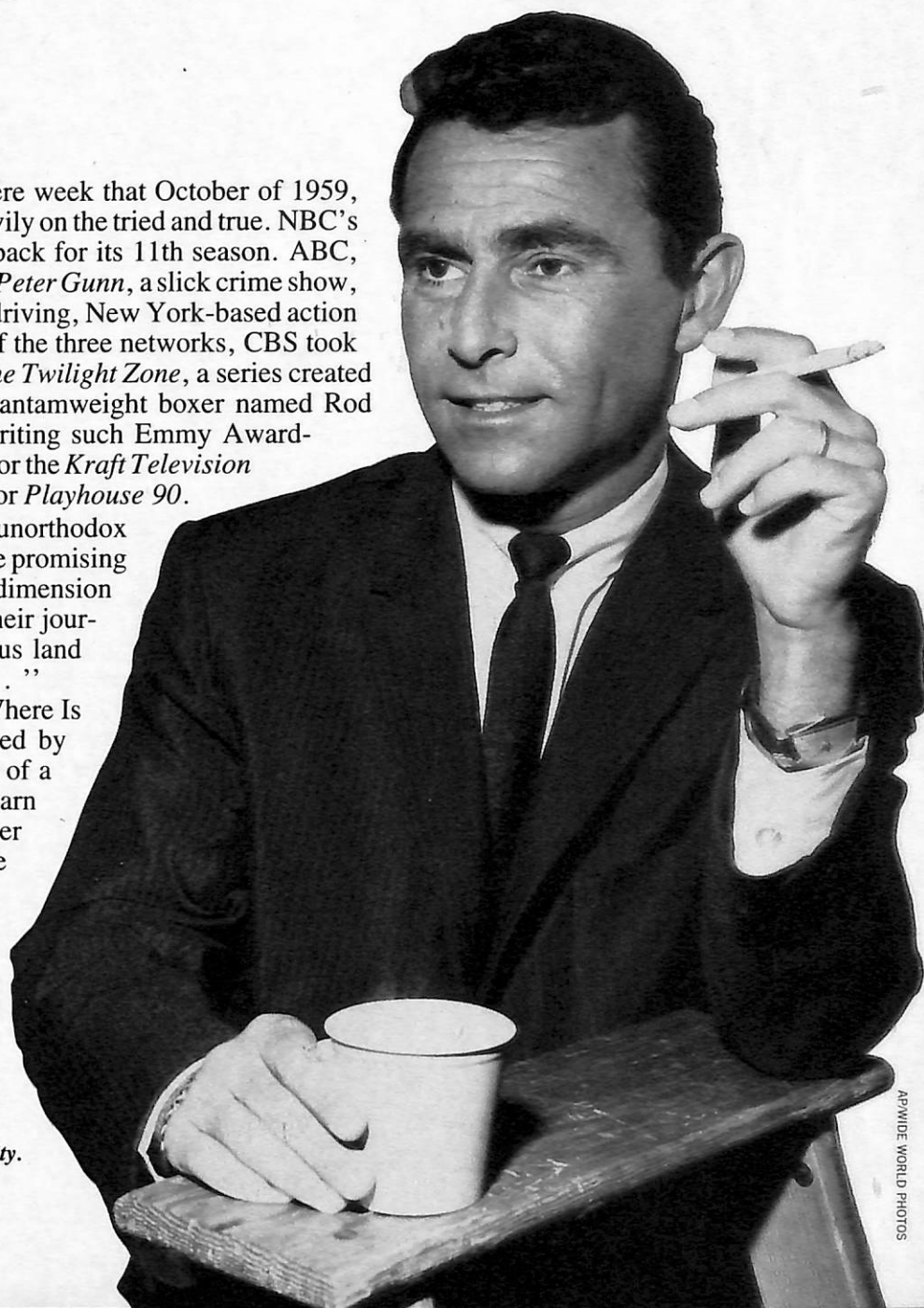
Friday night, like the rest of premiere week that October of 1959, found the TV networks relying heavily on the tried and true. NBC's *Gillette Cavalcade of Sports* was back for its 11th season. ABC, exploiting the popularity of NBC's *Peter Gunn*, a slick crime show, introduced *The Detectives*, a hard-driving, New York-based action program starring movie star Robert Taylor. Of the three networks, CBS took the only real risk. It invited viewers to enter *The Twilight Zone*, a series created and written by a feisty ex-paratrooper and bantamweight boxer named Rod Serling. Serling had distinguished himself writing such Emmy Award-winning live television dramas as "Patterns" for the *Kraft Television Theatre* and "Requiem for a Heavyweight" for *Playhouse 90*.

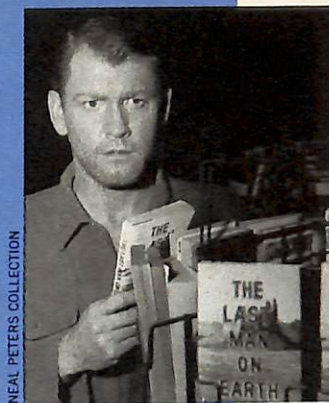
The 18 million viewers who tuned into the unorthodox new program heard a sinuous, off-camera voice promising them travel "through another dimension, a dimension not only of sight and sound, but of mind." Their journey, the voice continued, was to a "wondrous land whose boundaries are that of imagination"

In the show's nightmarish first episode, "Where Is Everybody?" an amnesiac young man, played by Earl Holliman, helplessly wanders the streets of a deserted town. Only at the end do viewers learn that the man is an astronaut hallucinating after weeks of enforced solitude. That first surprise ending underlined the primary lesson of *The Twilight Zone*: Things were never what they seemed. "You would buy into one reality," explains Douglas Heyes, who directed the first episode (and several others), "and it would turn out to be another."

The process of putting the ground-break-

Host Serling resisted celebrity.





NEAL PETERS COLLECTION
Earl Holliman as an astronaut in "Where Is Everybody?"

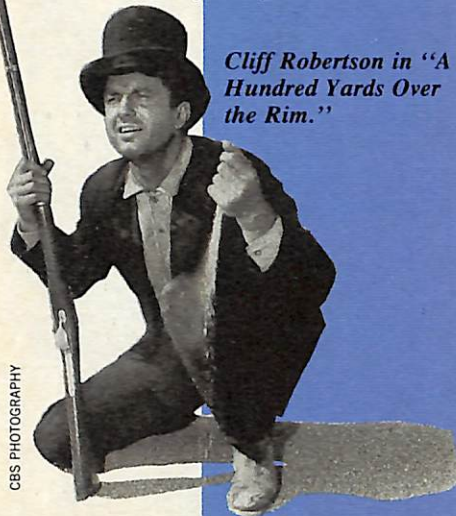


CBS PHOTOGRAPHY
"Eye of the Beholder," about racism.



CBS PHOTOGRAPHY
"Mr. Denton on Doomsday," with Dan Duryea (left) and Martin Landau.

Cliff Robertson in "A Hundred Yards Over the Rim."



ing program on the air was something of a fantastic journey in itself. Two years before the series premiere, CBS had bought a script from Serling for a time-travel fantasy called "The Twilight Zone: The Time Element," intending to develop it into a series. But the story, about a man who goes back in time to pre-Pearl Harbor Honolulu and tries to warn the Army of the impending invasion, was considered too unconventional by the network, and the project was put on the back burner.

There it might have stayed, had not Bert Granet, the producer of *Westinghouse Desilu Playhouse* and a keen admirer of Serling's work, met with the writer to talk about story ideas. Serling mentioned the shelved "Time Element" script, prompting Granet to get in touch with CBS and buy the story for his anthology series.

Granet then had to persuade Westinghouse and its ad agency, McCann-Erickson, to air the program. "The network people and the agency people didn't like unfinished stories like 'The Time Element,' which left the audience hanging," Granet remembers. "They liked their stories neat and wrapped with a bow." But finally, Granet's persistence won out.

"The Time Element," starring William Bendix and Martin Balsam, aired Nov. 24, 1958. Clearly it hit a nerve: Within days *Desilu Playhouse* was deluged by more than 6,000 letters. Impressed, CBS reconsidered Serling's fantasy and asked the writer to make a pilot for a projected series; Serling came up with the story of the astronaut's hallucination. General Foods liked it and signed on as principal sponsor; Kimberly-Clark, a paper-goods manufacturer, also signed up. Serling had his deal.

As executive producer—as well as chief writer and narrator—Serling exercised more control over his product than any other writer in television. Contractually bound to write 90 percent of the scripts for the show's first three seasons, he also had his work cut out for him. Each morning during the tense months leading up to the show's debut, the hyperactive Serling would chain smoke (four packs a day), pace, gesture and dictate dialogue in the guesthouse-cum-studio of his Pacific Palisades home. Then he would hop into his 1936 Auburn Speedster and race down to the M-G-M back lot in Culver City to preside over the day's filming.

GORDON F. SANDER, an essayist and cultural historian, is writing a biography of Rod Serling for E. P. Dutton.

One of the first episodes to be shot was a Western fantasy called "Mr. Denton on Doomsday," about an aging gunslinger who briefly regains his sharpshooting powers via a magic potion from a mysterious vendor. Actor Martin Landau, who had a small part in that episode, remembers sitting around a table with Serling and other actors at M-G-M. "We read and we stopped and we discussed and he'd rewrite and we'd reread and refine it. Of course, for Rod to sit down for any length of time was hard—he was so wired. For a writer to be present on the set of a television show, and the cast to all be there, reading their roles in sequence, was so unusual. It gave us a feeling that he cared. It gave us a sense of comradeship. And it made for a show of real quality."

While the first 13 episodes were being completed, Serling was sent on a publicity tour. Interviewers seemed to delight in asking the prize-winning playwright if he weren't debasing himself by writing for episodic TV. Serling didn't do much to dissuade them. Owen Comora, an ad-agency representative who accompanied Serling on the tour, remembers the writer on a Pittsburgh talk show, "complaining how it was impossible to put on meaningful drama when it was interrupted every 12 minutes by dancing rabbits with rolls of toilet paper. I could have killed him. After all, Kimberly-Clark, one of our sponsors, was the country's leading toilet paper manufacturer."

Serling need not have worried. The critics loved *The Twilight Zone*. Cecil Smith of the *Los Angeles Times* called the show "the finest weekly series of the season, the one clear and original light in a season marked by the muddy carbon copies of dull Westerns and mediocre police shows." *Time* said, "Playwright Rod ('Patterns') Serling's stories of the 'fifth dimension' . . . are written, acted and directed with consistent competence." And *TV Guide* called the show "the most refreshing series in some time."

Public enthusiasm was slower to build, and the early ratings were disappointing. Still, a loyal following among college students and youngsters started to grow, and letters from young viewers' parents, blaming the show for keeping their children up too late, began to flood the network. Ultimately, *The Twilight Zone* beat both *The Gillette Cavalcade of Sports* and *The Detectives* for first place in the Friday night time slot.

The series was also building a following within the television industry itself as a

showcase for actors. Among the many stars and stars-to-be who "did the Zone" were Cliff Robertson, Agnes Moorehead, Buster Keaton, Ed Wynn, Martin Balsam, Robert Redford, Jonathan Winters, Robert Duvall, Jack Klugman, Fritz Weaver, Mickey Rooney, Lee Marvin, Peter Falk, James Whitmore and Gary Merrill.

Robertson, who appeared in two episodes, "The Dummy" (about a ventriloquist who switches personalities with his malevolent sidekick) and "A Hundred Yards Over the Rim" (about a pioneer who winds up in the future when he leaves a wagon train to find help for his ailing son), remembers Serling as "very sensitive to the artist's needs. He was not one of those producer types who run roughshod over actors. He really backed us up. I remember, for example, when I was making 'Rim,' I didn't like the costumes the designer had come up with. And we had a tiff about it. And Rod came down to the California desert where we were shooting and backed me up all the way."

"The parts were so interesting," adds actor Claude Akins, star of TV's *Movin' On* and *The Misadventures of Sheriff Lobo*. "In many shows you'd get the scripts and think, 'Oh great, I only did this a month ago . . . ' But not *The Twilight Zone*. The parts were wonderful." It was Serling's habit, Akins says, to cast his actors against type. In his two *Twilight Zone* appearances, Akins, who usually played a heavy, was cast as a good guy.

Comedian Jonathan Winters had one of his first dramatic roles in "Game of Pool," a macabre episode co-starring Jack Klugman. "It was one of the best things I ever did," Winters says now.

Serling took special pride in his ability to marry powerful social commentary and riveting entertainment, an achievement the television industry acknowledged by awarding him an Emmy for best teleplay writing in June 1961. (It was his fifth Emmy and his second for *The Twilight Zone*.)

In "Time Enough at Last"—voted among viewers' favorites in a *Twilight Zone Magazine* poll—Burgess Meredith starred as bookworm Mr. Beemis, the sole survivor of a nuclear holocaust who views the disaster as an opportunity to catch up on his reading. In one of the show's best-remembered twist endings, just as he settles down for a lifetime of good reads, Mr. Beemis breaks his glasses.

In "Eye of the Beholder," Serling created a morality play about prejudice. In a hospital room a woman (played succes-

sively by Maxine Stuart and Donna Douglas) awaits the results of cosmetic surgery. As her bandages are removed, her surgeons recoil in horror, though to us the woman is quite beautiful. Then the camera pulls back and we realize that the drama has taken place in another world, a world whose inhabitants are (to us) grotesquely ugly. Only then do we understand the lesson of the episode.

In the show's second season, Serling added the role of on-camera host to his list of duties, creating a spellbinding persona, one that comedians continue to impersonate today. "Actually he was very nervous when he did those introductions," says Perry Lafferty, who directed several episodes. "He needed a lot of hand-holding and assurance. But somehow he got a kick out of doing them."

Carol Burnett recalls Serling's hilarious self-parody on *The Garry Moore Show* in 1962. "When he walked out of a fog onto the stage and began his delivery, they went wild. The skit was written by Neil Simon, and Rod loved it." Serling later invited Burnett to appear in "Cavender Is Coming," a comedic *Twilight Zone* episode he wrote especially for her.

By the third season (1961-62), Serling—and the show—began showing signs of exhaustion. "I've never felt so drained of ideas," he complained. "I've written so much I'm woozy." When the show was briefly canceled in the spring of 1962 before finding a sponsor, Serling welcomed the chance to escape to his alma mater, Ohio's Antioch College, to teach communications and to put the finishing touches on a screenplay, *Seven Days in May*.

The Twilight Zone came back for two additional seasons in 1963 and 1964. By then Serling, tired of writing and tired of battling sponsors and the network censors—who had been squeamish about the show's content from the beginning—was clearly a different man. "He was much less talkative, more perfunctory, more meat-and-potatoes," remembers Landau, who had a role in one of the last episodes, "The Jeopardy Room."

When CBS canceled the program for good in May 1964, Serling was philosophical. "I can walk away from this series unbowed," he said at the time. But he never quite managed to escape its shadow, nor was he ever again to enjoy the same creative control. In 1965 he created *The Loner*, a promising neo-Western series about a tough but compassionate Civil War veteran, played by Lloyd Bridges. But Serling balked at CBS's insistence on



CBS PHOTOGRAPHY

Burgess Meredith as a bookworm in "Time Enough at Last."



CBS PHOTOGRAPHY

Claude Akins in "The Monsters Are Due on Maple Street."



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

Jonathan Winters (left) and Jack Klugman in "Game of Pool."



CBS PHOTOGRAPHY

Carol Burnett in the comedic "Cavender Is Coming."

FINAL IRONY



In a way, the program known for its ironic endings provided one for its creator. Serling "felt that most of his important writing was not *The Twilight Zone*," says his widow, Carol. "He thought of it as a lark, a romp."

Until this past June, when it ceased publication, Mrs. Serling was associate publisher of *Twilight Zone* magazine. She has since been organizing her husband's scripts for the Serling Archives at Ithaca College, in Ithaca, N.Y., where he once taught.

Serling and his wife met as students at Antioch College. Their oldest daughter, Jodi, now 36, is a registered nurse. Anne, 33, is a writer who has adapted several *Twilight Zone* episodes into short stories. —J.B.

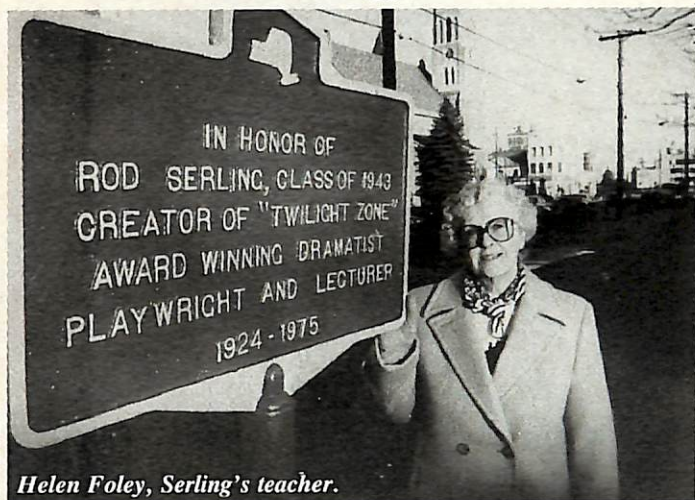
COURTESY OF ROD SERLING FOUNDATION

revived a version of the *Zone* which lasted only one season. Last year, MGM/UA launched a new *Twilight Zone*, which airs on independent TV stations and sometimes uses original, unproduced Serling scripts as the basis of its episodes.

Meanwhile, the original and, it would seem, inimitable version continues to travel through other dimensions, or, at the very least, other formats. In 1986, CBS Video Library began issuing videocassette versions of all 152 episodes. And Varese Sarabande has recently issued an album of *Twilight Zone* music, including the haunting metronomic theme created by French composer Marius Constant.

Serling died in 1975 at age 50, after a heart attack. In his last interview, he worried that his *Twilight Zone* persona might overshadow his writing. "I just want them to remember me a hundred years from now," he said. "I don't care that they're not able to quote a single line that I've written. But just that they can say, 'Oh, he was a writer.' That's sufficiently an honored position for me."

Divining Rod



Helen Foley, Serling's teacher.

called Homewood, but Binghamton's citizens recognized the carousel—still the town's main attraction—as their own and concluded it was their town Serling was nostalgic about.

Last year the Foundation placed a memorial marker in the bandshell near the carousel; there was already a sign in front of the high school documenting his membership in the class of 1943. The Foundation maintains an exhibit of Serling photographs in the lobby of the old Forum Theatre, and there's even a

Rod Serling star on the sidewalk of a downtown shopping mall.

Homewood wasn't Serling's only on-screen reference to his roots. In "Nightmare as a Child" he introduces "Miss Helen Foley, who took a dark spot from the tapestry of her life and rubbed it clean—then stepped back a few paces and got a good look at the *Twilight Zone*." Binghamton's Helen Foley, retired and in her mid-70's, was Serling's junior-high English teacher. "Everyone asks me," she says, "Did you know when you had

him in school that he would be a great writer?" Of course not. I thought he would be an actor; he was cute." She particularly remembers his curly hair and "white, white teeth."

Former classmate Robert A. Keller, 63, director of art and design at Binghamton's Broome Community College, recalls a "hyperenergetic guy" who, as an adult, "reminded me we used to take our dates behind the pillars to sneak a smooch."

Foundation president Sybil Goldenberg ("Look, I'm the head of this thing by default") acted in a school play with Serling. Today Goldenberg runs a theatrical makeup-supply store filled with costumes and wigs. She keeps the Rod Serling archives—kinescopes, films, videotapes and scripts of his shows—in cardboard boxes stashed in a corner. "I'm not going to say everyone loved Rod," she says without elaboration, "because that wouldn't be true."

Goldenberg is beginning to think the Serlingizing of Binghamton may have gone too far. "They had to rip up the floor in the bandshell," she explains. "It cracked under the weight of the marker. If you want to take all this one step into the *Twilight Zone*, maybe Roddy doesn't like the idea."

—James Barron

Everyone has to have a hometown. Binghamton's mine." That's the halfhearted motto on the buttons and mugs of the 150-member Rod Serling Memorial Foundation in Binghamton, N.Y., the town where Serling grew up and which claims him—for the most part proudly—as one of their own.

In "Walking Distance," one of the earliest *Twilight Zone* episodes, an ad agency executive returns to his hometown and his own childhood. In the script the town was

OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER

1964

25 YEARS AGO

A STAR IS STOLEN

Oct. 29 The Star of India—at 563 carats the world's largest star sapphire—is stolen from New York's American Museum of Natural History along with nearly two dozen other gems. Museum officials admit that, for reasons of economy, an alarm system had been deactivated and all-night guards removed from the gem hall. The priceless collection is reportedly uninsured.

Update Within two days of the theft, police acted on a tip and arrested Jack "Murph the Surf" Murphy, Allen Kuhn and Roger

MAX SCHULER/BLACK STAR



LYNDON'S LANDSLIDE

Nov. 3 Americans speak out loud and clear in choosing the man who will lead them for the next four years, as Lyndon Baines Johnson sweeps to victory with 61.2 percent of the popular vote. His margin of victory over Republican Barry Goldwater,

more than 15.6 million, is the largest in history. The Democrats keep control of the House of Representatives, picking up an additional 38 seats for a huge 295-140 majority; they also gain a Senate seat to bring the majority there to 68-32.

TOKYO GOLD

Oct. 24 The Summer Olympics drew to a close in Tokyo today after two weeks of competition, with the U.S. winning 36 gold medals, more than any other country. The U.S. swim teams were particularly impressive, the men winning nine out of 12 events, the women seven of 10.

Standouts were swimmers Don Schollander (four gold medals and two world records) and Donna deVarona (two golds); sprinter Bob Hayes (two golds and a world-record tie); discus-thrower Al Oerter, and heavyweight boxer Joe Frazier (one gold each).

WHITE HOUSE SCANDAL

Oct. 14 Special Presidential Assistant Walter Jenkins, one of LBJ's closest aides, has resigned in the wake of his arrest for "disorderly conduct" (indecent gestures) in the men's room of a Washington YMCA. Jenkins, who had high-level security clearance at the White House, had been arrested on a similar charge five years ago. Jenkins has been hospitalized for fatigue and depression; President Johnson names 30-year-old Bill Moyers to Jenkins's job.

Update The F.B.I. later reported that Jenkins admitted the offense and that he had forfeited a \$50



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

bond instead of appearing in court to fight the charge. Jenkins dropped out of the limelight, moved to Austin and took a job as a management consultant. He suffered a stroke and died in 1985 at the age of 67.

Around the World

Oct. 14 Martin Luther King wins Nobel Peace Prize . . . **Oct. 16** British Labour Party's Harold Wilson becomes Prime Minister . . . **Oct. 16** China detonates its first atomic bomb . . . **Oct. 17** Nikita Khrushchev is ousted from power in Soviet Union and is succeeded by Leonid Brezhnev . . . **Oct. 24** African nation of Zambia is created out of Northern Rhodesia and Barotseland . . . **Oct. 29** New republic formed from Zanzibar and Tanganyika takes the name Tanzania . . . **Nov. 2** Crown Prince Faisal is declared King in Saudi Arabia after power is stripped from his brother Saud.

In the Arts

Movies *My Fair Lady*, starring Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison; *Seance on a Wet Afternoon*, with Kim Stanley; *The Americanization of Emily*, with Julie Andrews and



James Garner; Doris Day and Rock Hudson in *Send Me No Flowers*. **On stage** *Luv*, with Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson; Lorraine Hansberry's *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*. **On records** Number-one songs include Roy Orbison's "Oh Pretty Woman," "Do Wah Diddy Diddy" by Manfred Mann, and the Supremes' "Baby Love."

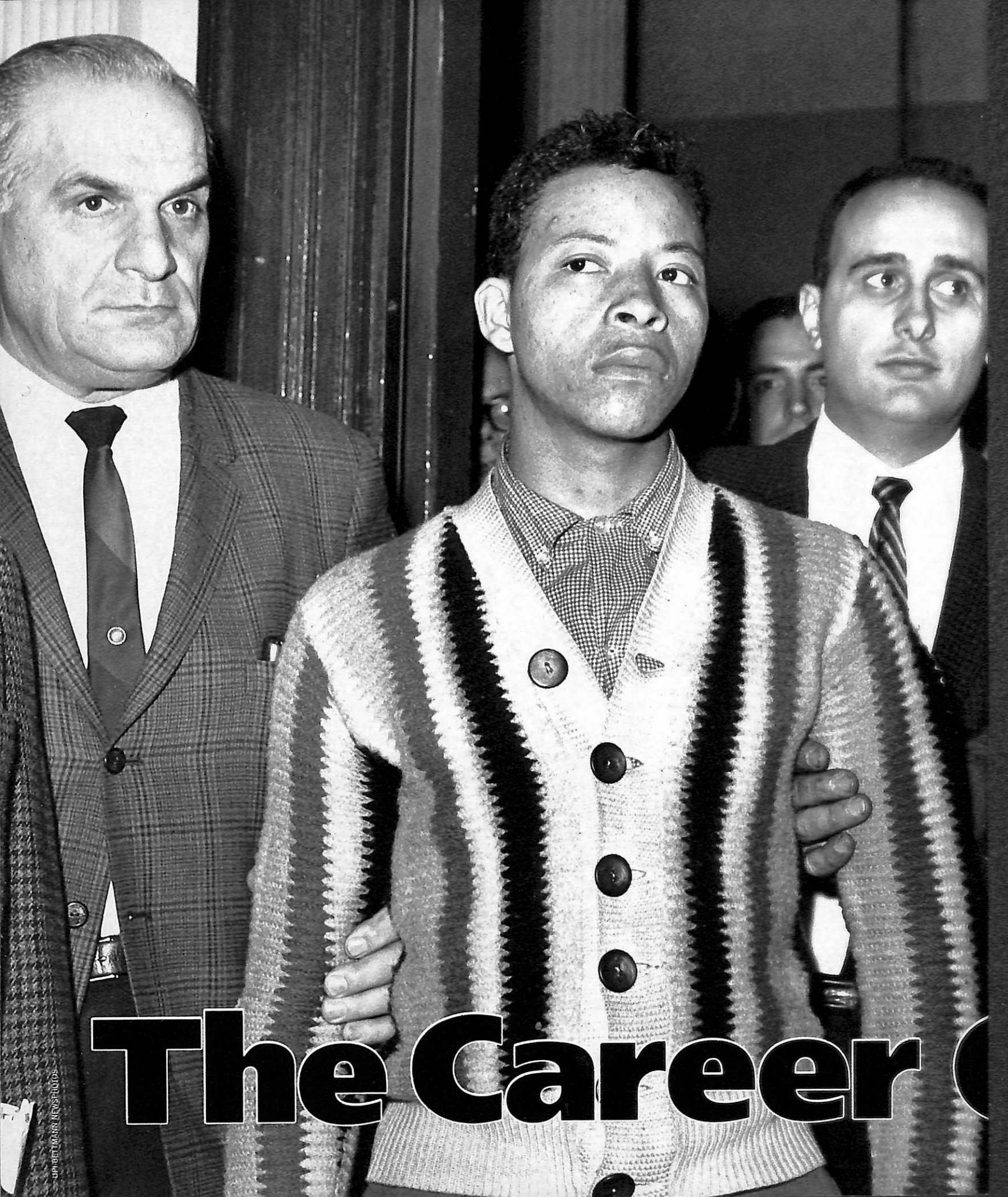
Miscellany

Oct. 8 John Wayne is released from hospital after operation for lung cancer . . . **Oct. 15** St. Louis Cardinals take World Series from New York Yankees, four games to three . . . **Nov. 4** Comedian Lenny Bruce is convicted of violating obscenity law in New York, faces up to three years in prison.

COURTESY OF LIB. SERVICES/AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



Clark, Miami "beach boys" who earned their living by engaging in petty crimes and hustling tips from vacationers. Charged with grand larceny, the trio pleaded guilty in April 1965 and were sentenced to three years in prison. Each was paroled in January 1967. Murphy later served 17 years on a murder conviction and was paroled in 1986 after becoming a born-again Christian. He founded a traveling ministry upon his release. As for the gems, the Star of India and eight other stones were recovered in a locker at a Miami bus depot two months after the theft, with help from the thieves and local gem fences; most of the remainder were later recovered as well.



The Career C

25 YEARS AGO: TRIAL BEGINS FOR GEORGE WHITMORE JR.

The wrong man's arrest for murder would affect New York's death penalty and influence the U.S. Supreme Court.

By Dick Adler

The first trial of George Whitmore Jr.—on rape and assault charges—began on Monday, Nov. 9, 1964. But the thoughts of just about everyone in Brooklyn's State Criminal Court Building that late autumn morning went back more than a year to a double murder on the East Side of Manhattan.

Every murder creates aftershocks in the lives of those it touches, but the killing of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert had greater consequences than most. It wiped out one



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Janice Wylie (left), a budding writer, and teacher-to-be Emily Hoffert were among the many eager young women who settled in Manhattan each summer to pursue a career.

Girl Murders

family and damaged another. It stole a large chunk of an innocent man's life. It influenced the laws of New York State and the nation. And, in a way, it marked the end of an era.

Newspapers called it the "Career Girl Murders." That out-of-date, sexist headline conjures up all the bright, eager young college women who poured into Manhattan at the end of every summer, moving into the then women-only Barbizon Hotel and the YWCA or—if they were lucky—inheriting from friends or relatives affordable apartments in "suitable" neighborhoods. The young women were bound for jobs in publishing, advertising and teaching. The Wylie-Hoffert case would not end the influx, but the doubts and fears it raised in the minds of many other young women and their families would certainly slow it down. Never again would being a "career girl" in New York City be as innocent or quite as much fun.

For the police, it was the savagery of the crime that made it indelible. For the press, it was the victims' background and education. Janice Wylie, 21, was the daughter of Max Wylie, a successful writer and advertising executive, and the niece of Philip Wylie, the novelist, social critic and author of *Generation of Vipers*. Vivacious and attractive, Janice Wylie had studied acting at New York's prestigious Neighborhood Playhouse, but in the summer of 1963, having landed an editorial researcher's job at *Newsweek*, she talked about wanting to be a writer like her father and uncle. Many of the reporters who would cover the case either knew her or knew someone who did. Emily Hoffert, 23, had grown up in a Minneapolis suburb and was the daughter of a prominent surgeon. She had gone to Smith College and Tufts University in Massachusetts and looked forward to starting a teaching career in the Valley Stream, N.Y., school system come September.

The building at 57 East 88th Street, between Park and Madison Avenues, was safe, solid and respectable. Apartment 3C, where Hoffert and Wylie shared the \$208 monthly rent with Patricia Tolles, 23, a researcher for Time-Life Books, had two bedrooms, two bathrooms, a living room, a kitchen and a dining area and was

cheerfully furnished with family hand-me-downs. On the morning of Aug. 28, 1963—the day of Martin Luther King Jr.'s historic march on Washington—Tolles left for work at 9:30. Wylie, who was not due at *Newsweek* until 11, stayed in bed; Hoffert, who would be moving out in just three days to take a less expensive place downtown with two former classmates from Smith, had errands to run.

Around noon, when Wylie had not appeared at work, colleagues made a few telephone calls, but no alarms were sounded; she had been late before. It was not until after Tolles arrived home at her usual time, a bit past 6 P.M., that the crime was discovered. Tolles found the bedroom she shared with Wylie torn apart, the sheets stripped from Wylie's bed, their belongings scattered. Tolles, quaking, backed out into the bathroom, where she saw a foot-long carving knife resting on the sink. She screamed, then in a panic telephoned the police and Wylie's parents. She went downstairs to wait. Max and Isobel Wylie, who lived two blocks away, were there within five minutes.

It was Max Wylie who found the bodies, near the window in Hoffert's bedroom, tied together with strips torn from a bedsheet. Both had been stabbed repeatedly. Wylie was nude, her hair in rollers; Hoffert's head had nearly been severed by the many knife wounds in the neck. "This is not the way humans should die," a hardened medical examiner said later. "This is the way chickens are executed."

The dozens of policemen assigned to the case, some drafted from other precincts across the city, concentrated on the names in an address book they found, which had been Wylie's. Despite some evidence pointing to burglary as the motive (an open kitchen window, a report of a stranger—a young man with a "baby face"—in the elevator), the police seemed certain that the crime had been committed by someone who knew Wylie. Any man who had ever dated her or worked with her was checked out, often grilled by teams of investigators.

Even Max Wylie was a suspect. "They couldn't understand how a man who found his daughter's body could cope so well without falling apart," Michael Wylie Slater, Max's nephew, said recently. Max Wylie's form of coping included becoming an auxiliary policeman and joining the investigation. He even wrote a series of newspaper articles called "Career Girl—Watch Your Step!" which offered tips on things like apartment security. For Christ-

mas 1963 he invited all 30 of the detectives on the case to a party in appreciation of their work. Embarrassed, the officers declined.

By April 1964, eight months after the crime, the police were frustrated by hundreds of dead-end leads. And they were feeling the pressure to make an arrest. George Whitmore Jr., a slight, quiet young man of 19 with weak eyes and bad skin, also seemed to have reached a dead end. Since attending high school in Wildwood, N.J., the year before, he had worked at a variety of jobs—in his father's junkyard, delivering packages, pumping gas—with no clear idea about his future. Though he had some artistic talent, no one had ever encouraged him to use it. His father's brutality and heavy drinking often forced him to stay with relatives in Brooklyn, but beds there were scarce, and Whitmore often slept in hallways or at an all-night laundromat.

It was at the laundromat, on the morning of April 23, that Whitmore volunteered to a policeman information concerning an attempted rape in the area the night before. According to the victim, a dark-skinned, 5-foot 9-inch, 165-pound man had attacked her on her way home from work. Whitmore told the officer he thought he'd seen such a man running down the street. The next day, detectives arrested Whitmore, who was light-skinned, 5 feet 6 inches and 140 pounds.

The rape victim was brought to the police station and told to look through a peephole into a room where Whitmore sat alone. She said she *thought* he was the man but couldn't say for certain. As he was instructed to do, Whitmore shouted, "Shut up or I'll kill you!" Now the identification was positive. Never again would the victim waver, not even after public-television reporter Selwyn Raab turned up a relative in Puerto Rico who told him that the rape victim remained uncertain about Whitmore.

The police charged Whitmore with attempted rape and with the rape and murder of another woman 10 days earlier. And when they found among several pictures of women in his wallet a snapshot they mistakenly thought was of Janice Wylie, the police officers looked at each other. Had they accidentally stumbled onto the murderer who had eluded their Manhattan colleagues for so many months?

A seasoned Brooklyn detective, Joseph DiPrima, who had a reputation for being able to obtain confessions from difficult suspects, worked on Whitmore for two

DICK ADLER is co-author, with Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, of the recently published *Public Justice, Private Mercy: A Governor's Education on Death Row*.

The women were stabbed to death in an apartment they shared in a "respectable" neighborhood. It was Wylie's father, Max (below), who found the bodies on the floor near a bedroom window. For a time, he coped by involving himself in the police investigation, but eventually he would be driven to a more desperate act.



days. While two other policemen took turns beating Whitmore across the back, kicking his legs and punching him in the stomach, DiPrima acted the sympathetic father figure, whose approval Whitmore obviously sought. DiPrima persuaded Whitmore that he wanted the young man to get a fair shake. Whitmore accepted the suggestions that DiPrima planted in his mind, even made up answers the detective seemed to be seeking. By the end of the second day, April 25th, Whitmore had not only confessed to rape but to the Wylie-Hoffert killings as well. And although Whitmore retracted his confession almost immediately, nobody seemed to listen.

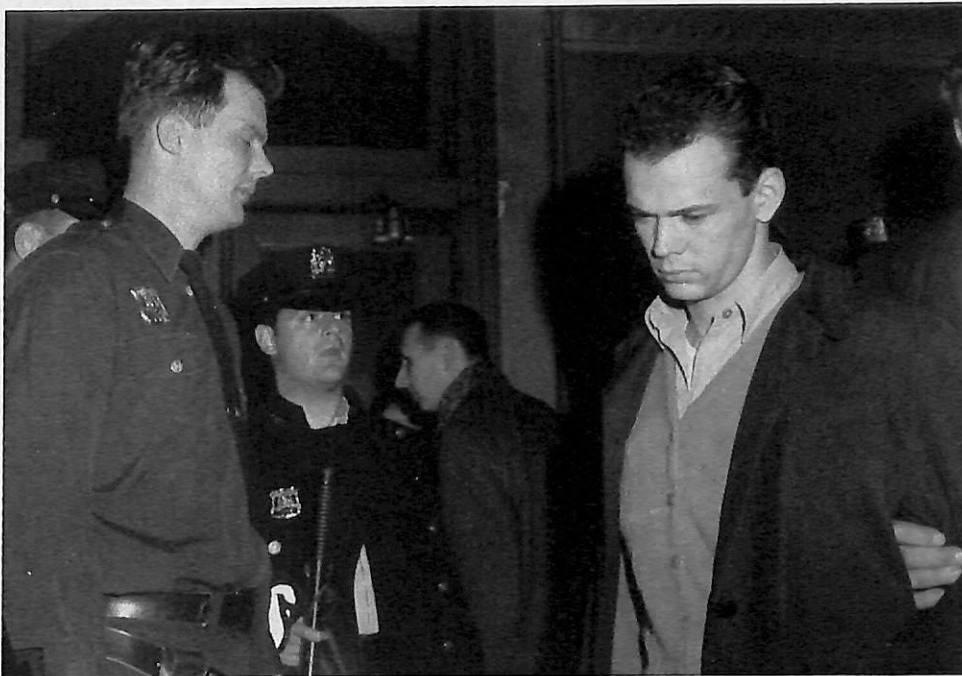
The full, frightening story of the coercion of George Whitmore, and why so many reputable policemen and prosecu-

tors went along with it for such a long time, has filled at least two books, reporter Raab's *Justice in the Back Room* and *The Victims* by Bernard Lefkowitz and Kenneth G. Gross. The widely reported case gave great impetus to the drive—successful in 1965—to abolish the death penalty in New York State for most crimes and also influenced the U.S. Supreme Court's 1966 Miranda decision, which requires the police to inform suspects of their rights before questioning them.

True, many Manhattan detectives had doubts about the confession from the start, doubts that led them to determine that the snapshot in Whitmore's wallet wasn't Wylie at all, just a photo the suspect had found in a garbage dump, as he had maintained all along. Detectives even located



NEW YORK DAILY NEWS PHOTO



Nearly a year and a half after the double murder, police caught up with 21-year-old Richard Robles and charged him with the crime. He was the second suspect to be charged; the first, George Whitmore, would later sue the city for wrongful imprisonment.

the woman in the photo, who told them when it had been taken and why it had been thrown away. Still, not until Jan. 26, 1965, more than nine months after his arrest, was Whitmore formally cleared of the murder charges against him, though the original attempted rape charge would shadow him for years to come.

That was the day the police arrested 21-year-old Richard Robles. Robles, who lived on East 93d Street, just a few blocks away from Wylie and Hoffert, had spent three years in prison for 25 burglaries committed in the area to finance a drug habit. Released in June 1963, he had been an early suspect in the murder case until alibi witnesses cleared him. Then, in the months after Whitmore's confession, an informant arrested on an unrelated murder charge told detectives that Robles had confessed the crime to him. Police wired the informant's apartment and taped conversations he had with Robles; these recordings eventually persuaded a jury that Robles had killed Janice and Emily during the course of a burglary.

It wasn't until 1988 that Robles—with a parole hearing pending, and hoping to improve his chances—admitted to reporter Raab, then (as now) at *The New York Times*, that he had killed the young women. He said he had decided on the morning of Aug. 28 to commit one last burglary to support his family, chose the East 88th Street building because it looked affluent, perched on a ledge and climbed into apart-

ment 3C through an open kitchen window. He raped Wylie at knifepoint, tied her up and was about to leave when Hoffert returned. Robles said he tied her up and took \$30 from her purse. It was only when Hoffert threatened to describe him to police, Robles said, that he lost control and killed the women.

In "The Gift of Janice," a 1964 magazine article, Max Wylie wrote, "To those who know our small family here in New York, we seem to be taking the lash of this unspeakable horror without flinching. This is not so. It is even possible—in the months or years before us, however many there may be—that we will finally break up with our grief."

His words were prophetic. Janice's mother, Isobel, died of a brain tumor in 1968. The next year, Janice's older sister, Pamela, also died, in part, Michael Wylie Slater believes, as a result of her bereavement. "Pamela's weakened state, caused by depression and stress," he says, "left her open to pneumonia from the Hong Kong Flu epidemic that winter." In 1975, Max Wylie checked into a motel in Fredericksburg, Va., and put a bullet through his temple. He had written several books, dozens of radio and television scripts and many advertising campaigns, but the headline over his obituary in *The New York Times* read, "Max Wylie, Writer, Murder Victim's Father, Is Suicide."

The Hofferts suffered their grief no less

deeply. Slater reports, "Emily's mother told me recently that every night for the 20 years before he died, her husband would retire to a bathroom and cry before he went to bed."

It took George Whitmore four trials and nine years before he was declared a free man. In 1973, the Brooklyn district attorney dropped the last of the charges against him, saying that the disputed evidence of the victim in the attempted rape case made a fair trial impossible. None of the policemen who coerced Whitmore's confession was punished. Whitmore and his lawyers spent the next six years trying to sue New York City for \$10 million for wrongful imprisonment. At one juncture, a judge dismissed the suit, but that decision was later reversed on appeal. Ultimately, to avoid further litigation, the city settled privately for about \$400,000.

Whitmore, now 44, paid off his lawyers, made some ill-considered investments in cattle and chickens and wound up broke again. Married and divorced and the father of seven children, he does odd jobs and works as a scallop fisherman when he can in southern New Jersey.

"About once every week or so, I'll see something on television or read a story that reminds me of what it was like in jail," he says. "They usually get it wrong, though. I think that if this all hadn't happened to me, I'd probably have gotten some kind of a job, maybe something to do with art, stuck with it, and I'd be starting to think about retirement now." Asked about his plans, he talks of heading to the Florida Everglades. "They always called me a loner, even back then, and I'm still like that. The further away I get from people, the better I like it."

The ghosts of the dead still haunt Michael Slater, who is now president of the Friends of the Earth Foundation, an environmental group. Last year he registered as an intervener—or interested party, who must be informed about official developments in the case—and formally appealed to the parole board and New York Gov. Mario Cuomo to deny Robles parole. "Every two years, as long as Richard Robles is alive, I have to be there to remind the parole board why he should never be let out," Slater says. ■

Today a loner and an occasional scallop fisherman, Whitmore is rueful about the nine years it took to clear his name. "If all this hadn't happened, I'd probably have gotten some kind of job, stuck with it, and I'd be thinking about retirement now," he says.



OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER

1969

20 YEARS AGO

STREET SMARTS

Nov. 14 *Sesame Street*, an educational entertainment program for preschoolers set on a friendly city block, begins an experimental season on public television. Produced by the Children's Television Workshop, the series aims to teach youngsters about letters, numbers and life experiences via games, songs and informative cartoons. Along with the regular human characters is a cast of puppets created by Jim Henson—quizzical Big Bird; Oscar the Grouch, who complains to passersby from his garbage-can home; the Cookie Monster; Kermit the Frog, and silly Bert and Ernie.

Update Now entering its 21st season, *Sesame Street* continues to enchant young viewers. The neighborhood itself reflects the passing of time, and recent segments have

addressed the courtship and marriage of two characters, Luis and Maria, and the birth of their daughter, Gabriella. Sonia Manzano, who began playing Maria 17 years ago and is, in fact, a new mother, observes that "Maria has grown up." The pregnancy and birth, she says,

"gave us an opportunity to deal with something kids really face." Commemorating the 20th anniversary of the landmark series, the Smithsonian held a *Sesame Street* exhibit this summer. Said curator Ellen Hughes: "In its own way it has been an electronic schoolroom for many, many children."



DAN MCCOY/BLACK STAR



WAR NO MORE

Oct. 15 From Clemson, S.C., to Spokane, Wash., antiwar demonstrators gathered today on university campuses and at community centers to speak out against the Vietnam War. It was the largest protest in American history. Demonstrators expressed their dissent in a number of ways, from wearing black armbands to attending memorial services. At the University of Colorado,

activists carved a giant "V" and the word "LOVE" in the snow. At a Mennonite college in Kansas, a bell tolled once for each American serviceman killed in Vietnam. In New York City, crowds bearing candles filled Fifth Avenue outside St. Patrick's Cathedral and sang songs of peace. In Washington, a candlelight procession marched past the White House.

BEATLE JUICE

Oct. 21 A spokesman for the Beatles, responding to hundreds of telephone calls from distraught teen-agers asking whether Paul McCartney is dead, says the rumor is "a load of old rubbish." Some fans claim to find evidence of Paul's death in the lyrics of recent Beatles songs and say that if the songs are played at a slower speed or in reverse, one can hear Paul say, "I am dead." Callers also want to know why Paul appears barefoot on the Beatles' latest album, *Abbey Road*. The spokesman says McCartney is "alive and well,"

living in St. John's Wood, a residential area in London.

Update McCartney, 47, recently released *Flowers in the Dirt*, his 17th album since his 1970 solo debut. A world tour with a new band is planned for this fall. About the myths and rumors that still surround the Beatles, McCartney said recently, "There were only four of us who actually know what happened to the Beatles. There were only four people in the back of those blacked-out limos, giggling a lot. And we're the only four who know."



MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

Here and There
Oct. 21 Willy Brandt of the Social Democratic Party is elected fourth Chancellor of West Germany and promises domestic reforms and improved relations with Poland ...



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Oct. 28 U.S. Supreme Court rules that school districts must end school segregation at once ...

Nov. 14 U.S. Catholic bishops approve broad changes in liturgy ...

Nov. 19 Apollo 12 lands on moon, and astronauts walk on lunar surface for second time ... **Nov. 24** Soviet Union and United States sign Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty following SALT talks in Helsinki.

Gains and Losses

Oct. 12 Sonja Henie, Norwegian ice-skating queen and film star, dies at age 57 ... **Oct. 21** Jack Kerouac, novelist who named the Beat Generation, dies at 47 ... **Oct. 28** Aga Khan IV, 32-year-old leader of the Ismaili Muslims, marries a former model, Lady Sarah Crocker Poole, 29, in Paris ... **Nov. 18** Joseph P. Kennedy, political patriarch, dies at 81 at his summer home in Hyannis Port, Mass.

Miscellany

Screen *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, with Jane Fonda and Michael Sarrazin; *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, with Peter O'Toole and Petula Clark. **On Broadway** *Butterflies Are Free*, with Keir Dullea and Blythe Danner. **Sound** Pop hits: "Sugar, Sugar" by the Archies; "Wedding Bell Blues" by The Fifth Dimension. **Letters** Irish playwright Samuel Beckett, author of *Waiting for Godot*, wins Nobel Prize for Literature.

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Mirac

When Casey Stengel called them "amazin'," it was meant as a joke—until the miraculous season when baseball's lovable losers turned it all around.

le at Shea Stadium

By Steve Jacobson

The New York Mets would win a pennant, people said, when man walked on the moon. And so it came to pass in that year of Neil Armstrong's giant leap for mankind. And they won a World Series, too.

With affectionate irony, Casey Stengel, the Mets' first manager, had named the inept, lovable losers the "Amazin' Mets." But in the '69 World Series they beat the heavily favored Baltimore Orioles, probably the greatest baseball team of the last three decades, four games to one, to become the "Miracle Mets," patron saints of lost causes. "If the Mets can win the Series," said violinist Isaac Stern

at the time, "anything can happen."

For those of us who got to see that original-cast production it was a time of awe and wonderment. The Mets were life's perpetual victims—*us*—risen up in conquest. They were the living embodiment of every inspirational cliché ever posted in a locker room.

"That team set the guideline," says Bud Harrelson, the spindly shortstop on the 1969 team who is now a Mets coach. "It says, 'You never know in sports; there's hope where there's no hope.'"

"I still have goose pimples," Ed Charles, the team's third baseman, says with a laugh. "It really did happen. Geemany! You think about the highlight of

your life and your career. You don't dwell on it, but it's going to be there all your life. It makes you feel good."

"For most of us," says Ron Swoboda, the once-bumblng outfielder who made his catch-of-a-lifetime in the fourth game of the Series, "it sits by itself as the event of our lives."

It wasn't the winning as much as the getting there that made it so incredible.

In 1962, their first season, the Mets lost a staggering 120 games—the most ever—while winning only 40. Over the next six seasons (before the National League was split into two six-team divisions) they finished 10th and last, 10th, 10th, 9th, 10th and 9th. They lost 100 games or more in five different seasons.

They had become buffoons, worthy successors to the Brooklyn Dodgers of the 1920's and 30's—"Dem Bums"—whose very mention could get a laugh. Still, as with the Dodgers, the fans loved them. A sign, held high at a game, said it all: "To err is human, to forgive is a Met fan." Another sign, this one displayed that June 1963 day in Berlin when President John F. Kennedy gave his *Ich bin ein Berliner* speech, read: "Let's go Mets."

It took a while, but in 1969, a year

The composure as much as the pitching of superstar Tom Seaver (far left) steadied the ball club. He was in the thick of the jubilant melee on the October day when the Mets beat the highly favored Baltimore Orioles, 5-3, and took the Series four games to one.



FOCUS ON SPORTS



Cleon Jones provided offensive punch for the Mets, not only in the Series but throughout the 1969 season. He posted a .340 batting average and drove in 75 runs that year.

darkened by the ongoing Vietnam War and racial conflict in American cities, they got going all right. The Mets captured more than a pennant—they captured the national imagination.

"We were better than people gave us credit for," star pitcher Tom Seaver says today. Only the Mets' manager, Gil Hodges, seemed to have known it all along. He had a gift for seeing inside a player and drawing out his unrecognized talents. "He was 20 years ahead of his time in that he believed in the psychological factors of the game," says Harrelson. "I didn't like him early on," recalls Met veteran Ed Kranepool. "It was difficult to love a manager who constantly criticizes you, but he was right. We were too close to see ourselves. I learned to respect and admire him."

Hodges, who'd played first base for the Brooklyn Dodgers in their years of greatness, employed some unorthodox practices too. He rotated the team's 25 players in and out of the lineup. He once publicly benched Cleon Jones, then leading the league in batting, because Jones had dawdled after a ball. "If Hodges was saying nobody is above hustling, he got his point across," Swoboda remembers.

Hodges could be uncanny at anticipating what the opposition might do. He once stationed left fielder Jones just 20 feet from the plate when he suspected—correctly—a bunt. Another time he moved an

infielder deep into the outfield, just in time for the newly deployed defense to catch a long drive to the wall.

On top of expert coaching, the Mets had sound defense and great pitching in Seaver, Jerry Koosman, Gary Gentry and Nolan Ryan. But they needed another hitter. Hodges picked up veteran Donn Clendenon in June in a trade with the Montreal Expos. The soon-to-be-winning team was now in place.

With hindsight it's clear the tide turned on an auspicious July evening when Seaver pitched a perfect game through the first out of the ninth inning en route to beating the first-place Chicago Cubs. By then the Mets had climbed into second place, and that one game didn't change the standings, but it gave notice that the Mets were genuine contenders. It was then that the team became Destiny's Darlings. As Seaver ultimately put it, "God has rented an apartment in New York."

Seaver was leader and superstar. His personal bearing as well as his pitching reassured all of them. The rest of the magic came from the way the Mets meshed as a team, both on and off the field. Swoboda's father brought crabs to the clubhouse from Baltimore. The players swam together in the indoor pool at Kranepool's Long Island home. They went en masse to Jerry Grote's Texas home. In St. Louis they had steaks with Art Shamsky's parents. "In wartime, they say, you become like brothers," Cleon Jones remembers. "I wasn't in wartime, but this was as close as a unit can become."

"There was a force taking over these

guys," Harrelson says. "We were beating teams the way they used to beat us." By September, the Mets had gained a tenuous grip on first place, taking advantage of the other teams' mistakes instead of being their own victims. Instead of expecting something to happen to make them lose, they found things that would make them win. When Gary Gentry shut out the St. Louis Cardinals to clinch the division championship, Met fans tore up the field at Shea Stadium. "We won. We won it all, babe!" Ed Charles remembers. "I picture myself dancing across the mound when we won and see the jubilation on the faces of the players."

The Mets took the National League pennant by beating the Atlanta Braves in three straight playoff games. But the World Series was a whole new ball game, and fans and bookies alike all but wrote the team off. After all, the Orioles, led by the awesome talents of Frank Robinson, Brooks Robinson and Jim Palmer, had won the American League Eastern Division championship by 19 games. The matchup was viewed almost universally as no contest.

The opening game, in Baltimore, followed the anticipated script. The first Oriole batter, Don Buford, hit a home run on Seaver's second pitch. As Buford trotted around the bases he shouted to shortstop Harrelson: "You ain't seen nothin' yet!"

"I just kinda chuckled," Harrelson recalls. "I thought to myself, 'He ain't seen nothin' yet.'"

The Mets lost the first game, 4-1, using their best pitcher in the process. But reliable lefty Jerry Koosman got the Mets even in the second game with a 2-1 victory. The jolt came two days later, when the Series shifted to New York and Gentry and Ryan combined for a 5-0 shutout of the Orioles. The Birds had known all about Seaver and Koosman; Gentry came almost as a secret weapon. "That was the shock," Oriole second baseman Davey Johnson, now the Mets' manager, recalls. "He was faster, had a better curve than we thought. We got the feeling for the first time. You make your own breaks, but you don't know what destiny has in store. There is this thing called momentum."

Gentry, who had batted in only one run all season, delighted the home crowd by driving in two in the bottom of the second inning. Then, with two Orioles on base in the fourth inning, Met center fielder Tommie Agee ran far to his right to rob Baltimore of a two-run double, brushing the

STEVE JACOBSON is a sports columnist for Newsday who has covered the Mets since their creation in 1962.

wall after making the catch. In the seventh, with the bases loaded, he made a diving catch at the warning track to end the inning.

With the Mets leading two games to one, the Orioles began to suspect the fates might be against them. "We swore the wind blew balls back to Agee and away from [Oriole center fielder Paul] Blair," Johnson recalls. "Elements and emotions—things can happen that you can't stop from happening. Anybody would have taken a Nolan Ryan fastball in the ribs to have got us going."

During the ninth inning of the fourth game, with the Mets leading 1-0, and with two Orioles on base and only one out, a record Shea Stadium crowd of 57,367 watched Oriole mainstay Brooks Robinson line what appeared to be a sure hit to right field. Had he been prudent, outfielder Ron Swoboda, an awkward fielder, would have played Robinson's drive cautiously on one bounce for a single. Instead he raced toward the ball, extended his hands, dived on his belly and somehow—truly amazing!—got his glove under the ball to make the catch. Although the tying Oriole run scored on the play, Swoboda's catch prevented a second from crossing the plate.

"It was like he thought he was destined to catch it," Harrelson recalls. Adds Blair, "A normal outfielder wouldn't try that catch—too big a gamble. The only person who would have tried was Swoboda. Look at his history. If I fell out of the sky, he couldn't catch me. But in that Series, they felt they could do no wrong. And they couldn't."

"It scares the daylight out of me when I think of it now," Swoboda admits. "But I didn't think of it then. What you saw in the catch was thousands of fly balls caught in meaningful practices. It was all of the work turned loose in a pure state of reaction and total focus."

What passed for luck followed in natural course. The game went into a 10th inning, in which the Mets' J. C. Martin attempted a sacrifice bunt with two men on base and no outs. Oriole relief pitcher Pete Richert's throw to first glanced off Martin's wrist and went into right field. The Orioles argued that Martin had interfered with the throw, but to no avail; Met Rod Gaspar had scored to win the game. The Mets now needed only one more victory to win the World Series.

The Orioles were too good to lie down. In the fifth game, they took a 3-0 lead through the fifth inning. Then, in the top

of the sixth, the Mets got the benefit of a bad call. Frank Robinson, hit by a pitch, should have gone to first base, but plate umpire Lou DiMuro didn't see it that way. He said it was a foul ball that glanced off Robinson's bat before hitting him. After receiving treatment for a bruised thigh, Robinson stepped back to the plate—and promptly struck out. "In the films you can see Robinson being hit blatantly," Harrelson admits.

Later in the same inning, with the Mets at bat, DiMuro ruled that Dave McNally's bounced pitch had not struck Cleon Jones on the foot. The ball skittered to the Mets' dugout, and manager Hodges emerged carrying it. He walked slowly toward the umpire and showed him a smudge of shoe polish. The umpire reversed his decision and sent Jones to first base. To this day, some ex-Orioles suspect that Hodges smudged the ball in the dugout. The Mets maintain that such deception was not in Hodges's character.

Jones scored when Donn Clendenon homered, cutting the Baltimore lead to 3-2. Al Weis, who had hit all of six home runs in eight seasons, homered in the seventh to tie the score. In the eighth, two Oriole errors combined with doubles by Jones and Swoboda to break the tie. The Mets were ahead, 5-3!

The Mets' Cinderella season reached its pinnacle when Davey Johnson lifted a fly ball to left field for the last out of the game. After Jones caught it, he touched the outfield grass with his knee in a brief genuflection of gratitude that was shared by thousands, possibly millions.

The Mets had won the World Series! While the city that claimed them erupted in euphoria and confetti, the Mets baptized each other in champagne. "The fools," Swoboda said at the time. "They spilled the imported. Now we have to drink the domestic."

For the Orioles, the loss came hard. Twenty years later, some of them still rankle. "I think about it all the time," Blair says. "No way we should have lost. They took history away from us."

On their part since that jubilant day 20 years ago, the Miracle Mets have suffered their mortal share of hard times: a few divorces, more than a few failed attempts in business, and the death in 1972 of manager Gil Hodges at age 48. But the passage of time has done nothing to dim the luster of their achievement.

Art Shamsky often shows films of the '69 Series in his Manhattan restaurant, Legends. "It's magical," he says. "People come in who were told about it by their parents and it grips them."

"People got caught up in the Met doings, people came together," says Ed Charles. "It said the little man can rise. New York became a better place in 1969 as a result. I've never seen such a happy response."

"I think about it every day at some point," says Cleon Jones. "I put aside my thinking time. All day I do what everybody else wants me to do. Then I think about who I am and what I've done."

"It wasn't 20 years ago," Ed Krane-pool says. "It was two weeks ago." ■

Ron Swoboda made a catch-of-a-lifetime in the fourth game. Today he calls the reckless, diving catch "all of the work turned loose in a pure state of reaction and total focus."



Within a month of their arrival in Vietnam in December 1967, the men of Charlie Company, First Battalion, 20th Infantry Brigade found themselves in Quang Ngai province facing a formidable task: to clear out Vietcong guerrillas from the swampy flood plains along the South China Sea. The young, green G.I.s—whose average age was 19—had never seen combat when they set out on search-and-destroy missions with Task Force Barker.

For two months they had tried repeatedly to penetrate "Pinkville," a cluster of densely populated hamlets named for its color on military maps and for its reputation as a Vietcong stronghold. In those two months—pursuing an enemy they rarely saw or even heard—Charlie Company had lost nearly a third of its ranks to booby traps, mines and snipers. On one operation, more than 20 men had wandered into a mine field; five were killed and the rest wounded. A few days later, a popular squad leader was killed by a buried shell that also wounded five. "No one told us that the area was booby-trapped," remembers one G.I. The South Vietnamese "just let us walk right in there. They didn't even warn us."

On March 15, 1968, the company commander, Capt. Ernest Medina, received instructions to sweep through My Lai 4, a hamlet suspected of harboring a Vietcong battalion. The men geared up for a fierce fight. Many believed that all inhabitants of My Lai were to be killed. Many believed this assault was their chance for revenge.

Early on March 16, some 80 men from Charlie Company helicoptered to a grassy patch just west of My Lai 4. Contrary to expectations, they encountered no hostile fire. What they found were villagers—old men, women and children—eating breakfast in their huts.

The first platoon, led by Lieut. William L. Calley, 24, burst into the center of town. Calley ordered civilians rounded up and shot. Other G.I.s burned down hooches, slaughtered livestock and allegedly raped young women. By 11:30 A.M., when Charlie Company broke for lunch, only three enemy weapons had been recovered, but more than 400 Vietnamese lay dead by the roadside or piled into ditches. The only villagers to survive were those who hid under corpses or lay silent in the rice fields. The single American casualty was a G.I. who had shot himself in the foot.

Reporters in Saigon were briefed on a great victory. *Stars and Stripes*, the Army paper, reported that 128 communists were killed "in a day-long battle." The commanding general, William Westmoreland, sent congratulations to the brigade →

20 YEARS AGO: SEYMOUR HERSH UNCOVERS A U.S. ATROCITY IN VIETNAM

The massacre of 400 unarmed civilians made the nation ask: What were we doing in that war?

By Seymour M. Hersh

It's a scene out of a bad script. There I sit, a freelance writer in a scruffy office in the old National Press Building in Washington, researching a book on Pentagon cost-overruns. It is Oct. 22, 1969, and I am bored beyond belief but chugging along.

The telephone rings. It's a lawyer named Geoffrey Cowan. I know him only slightly. He's heard a rumor that the Army is going to secretly court-martial a G.I. at Fort Benning, Ga., for killing 75 civilians in South Vietnam. Am I interested?

To this day I'm not sure why I was. I had spent much of 1966 and part of 1967 covering the Pentagon for the Associated Press and had come away hating the war, convinced that with its emphasis on body counts and statistical success, it was turning the officer corps into professional liars.

Many of the officers—I learned over innumerable cups of coffee in

Pentagon cafeterias—were as troubled as I was. Maybe it was that understanding, dimly perceived, that set me to work on Cowan's tip. I knew that a mass murder of civilians would have to be covered up, as were all the horrible truths about Vietnam. And I also knew that there would be a lot of officers, and enlisted people as well, who wouldn't like the idea

MY LAI Breaking th



Pictures of the March 16, 1968, massacre were taken by Army photographer Ron Haeberle, who had gone on the mission to get action shots. After Hersh's story broke, he released them to the press.

or rain Thursday. High in upper 30s. See Page 126.

Vol. 22, No. 244

Phone 321-3000

SUN-TIMES

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1969

152 Pages—10 Cents

FINAL

The Pinkville case

Officer charged with murdering 109 in Viet

By Seymour M. Hersh
Special to The Sun-Times

FORT BENNING, GA.—Lt. William L. Calley Jr., 26, is a mild-mannered, boyish-looking Vietnam combat veteran with the nickname of Rusty. The Army says he deliberately murdered at least 109 Vietnamese civilians during a search-and-destroy mission in March, 1968, in a Viet Cong stronghold known as Pinkville. Calley has formally been charged with six specifications of mass murder. Each specification cites a number of dead, adding up to the 109 total, and adds that Calley did "with premeditation murder . . . Oriental human beings whose names and sex are unknown by shooting them with a rifle."

The Army calls it murder. Calley, his counsel and others associated with the incident describe it as a case of "carrying out orders."

Pinkville has now become a widely known code word among the military in a case that many officers and some well-informed congressmen believe will become far more controversial than the recent murder charges against eight Green Berets. In terms of numbers slain, Pinkville is by far the worst known U.S. atrocity case of the Vietnam war.

Army investigation teams spent nearly one year studying the incident before filing charges against Calley, a platoon leader of the 11th Brigade of the Americal Division at the time of the slayings. Calley was formally charged on or about Sept. 6, 1969, with multiple homicides, just a few days before he was due to be released from active service.

Calley has since hired a prominent civilian attorney, former Judge George W. Latimer of the U.S. Court of Military Appeals, and is now awaiting a military determination of whether the evidence justifies a general court-martial. All sources agreed that the court-martial will

North Vietnam

South Vietnam

Laos

Cambodia

Thailand

PINKVILLE

Ho Chi Minh City

Saigon

China Sea

Vietnam poll: First returns this Sunday

Ballot is on Page 5

ne Story

commander, Col. Oran K. Henderson.

On March 29, 1969—more than a year after the massacre—Ron Ridenhour, a former G.I. who had learned about My Lai from friends in Charlie Company, wrote some 30 letters to Congressmen, Army officials and President Nixon detailing what he had heard about the incident. His letters spurred a new, secret Army investigation in which 75 members of Charlie Company were questioned. Many admitted to killing civilians but said they had done so under orders. By the end of that summer, Army investigators had filed charges against Lieutenant Calley on six counts of premeditated murder of at least 109 Vietnamese civilians.

On Sept. 6, in the first public report about the My Lai affair, the Associated Press carried a story saying that Calley had been charged "with the deaths of more than one civilian." Two months passed before Seymour Hersh, a freelance reporter, revealed the number of civilians Calley was accused of killing and the circumstances of their deaths. He also reported that Calley had not acted alone and that high-ranking military officers, informed of the massacre, had chosen to do nothing. Shortly after Hersh's story broke, Ronald L. Haeberle, a former combat photographer who had been attached to Charlie Company during the My Lai operation, released to the press photographs he had taken of the atrocity. His images were published in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* on Nov. 20 and in *Life* magazine the following day.

Further investigations that year, led by Lieut. Gen. William R. Peers, implicated 25 men in the My Lai incident—from senior army officials suspected of a cover-up to G.I.s accused of murder. Over the next two years, six G.I.s and officers—including Calley—went on trial (charges against the others were dropped). Calley, ultimately charged with the murder of 22 Vietnamese civilians, was the only one convicted, in March 1971. Sentenced to life at hard labor, he served three days at Fort Leavenworth before being transferred to Fort Benning, where he was placed under house arrest.

Less than five months later, President Nixon reduced Calley's sentence to 20 years. In November 1974, five years after the story broke, the conviction was overturned by District Judge Robert J. Elliott, who cited undue adverse publicity and other factors that had prohibited a fair trial. Calley was released on \$1,000 bond, having served a bit more than three years under house arrest. In September 1975, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit reinstated the conviction but allowed Calley to remain free on parole.

—DELPHINE TAYLOR

that any cover-up had been initiated.

I also knew it was a great story. I'd been a newspaperman since 1960 and had covered local crime as a street reporter in Chicago for the City News Bureau, as well as the civil rights movement for the Associated Press. This story, if I could nail it, meant fame, fortune and glory.

The only problem was that Cowan's tip wasn't panning out. As an Army reservist in the early 1960's, I'd been assigned to the public information office at Fort Riley, Kan. I knew a formal court-martial—even a secret one—had to be on file somewhere. I'd checked the local Georgia papers and all the available records at the Pentagon. Nothing. No court-martial involving a mass murder. And no Vietnam war-crime cases at Fort Benning.

Though I continued to work on my book, I kept poking around. I was looking for an enlisted man—a G.I.—in a lot of trouble. I finally did learn about an officer—not an enlisted man—who was being held for a preliminary investigation—not a court-martial—at Fort Benning. The charge was murder of civilians. His name was William L. Calley Jr., from Miami. Trying to sound as casual as I could, I telephoned the public information office at Benning and asked an enlisted clerk, as I had once been, to read me the Army's official public announcement:

Lt. William L. Calley, Jr., is being retained on active duty beyond his normal release date because of an investigation being conducted under Article 32 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. Lt. Calley, who was to have been separated from the Army on 6 Sep 69, is charged with violation of Article 118, murder, for offenses allegedly committed against civilians while serving in Vietnam in March 1968.

The blandly worded release had been given to the press late on Sept. 5, a Friday, just in time to make the less-read Saturday papers. And in fact, an A.P. dispatch had appeared in scores of newspapers on Saturday, the 6th. (Years later, Daniel Z. Henkin, who'd been chief spokesman for Secretary of Defense Melvin A. Laird, told me that Laird and other senior officials had ordered him to monitor the news wires that weekend. They, and the White

SEYMOUR M. HERSH won a Pulitzer Prize for breaking the My Lai story. His most recent book is *The Target Is Destroyed, about the downing of Korean Air Flight 007.*

House, had been worried that all hell might break loose.)

I next telephoned a senior public information officer who assured me there was nothing to the Calley case; Calley had gotten drunk and shot up a Saigon gin mill. The implication was that some Vietnamese bar girls had been slain.

I was getting nowhere. I dropped in on an old friend in the Pentagon, a well-plugged-in colonel assigned to the Army Chief of Staff, Gen. William Westmoreland. The colonel had once fed me some information for a story on Army training. He'd liked the article. He'd been wounded in Vietnam, and I remember he was limping as we walked along a Pentagon corridor to the cafeteria for the inevitable cup of coffee. We talked about this and that. Suddenly I asked about Calley. And struck gold.

The colonel whacked his hand against his bad knee. "Sy, let me ask you something. Are you telling me somebody who kills little babies and goes around saying he's killing Vietcong knows what he's doing? He's just crazy." I like to think I remained straight-faced and stoic. The colonel, impassioned now, went on: "This Calley is just a madman, Sy, just a madman! He went around killing all those people. Little babies." He jammed his hand against his knee again. "There's no story in that. He's just pathetic and should be locked up in an institution."

The colonel obviously assumed I knew more than I did. I mumbled something like, "You sure have a point there," and got out of the building as fast as I could. There was no way I was going to tell him this was the story of a lifetime; I didn't want him to report our conversation to his superiors. I wanted to leave him convinced that I would not write the story.

I must admit that today I'm troubled about not having been straight with the colonel, but I had no such qualms then. All I felt was the jolt—that euphoric rush—a reporter gets when a great story is suddenly his.

Within hours I was interviewing an old friend on Capitol Hill, a senior staff aide on the House Armed Services Committee, whose hearings I'd once covered. I just knew that the Pentagon would have briefed the committee chairman, L. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina, about the massacre. The ultra-conservative Rivers was a staunch supporter of the war, but he would also find the murdering of civilians abhorrent. I felt that Laird, a former Congressman, and other politically attuned

senior civilian officials in the Defense Department would insist that Rivers be told all about the Calley case out of fear he would otherwise learn of it elsewhere.

My friend did know about the Calley case—everybody in Washington seemed to know except the press and the public. “It’s just a mess, isn’t it?” he said. “Don’t write about this one. It would just be doing nobody any good. The kid was

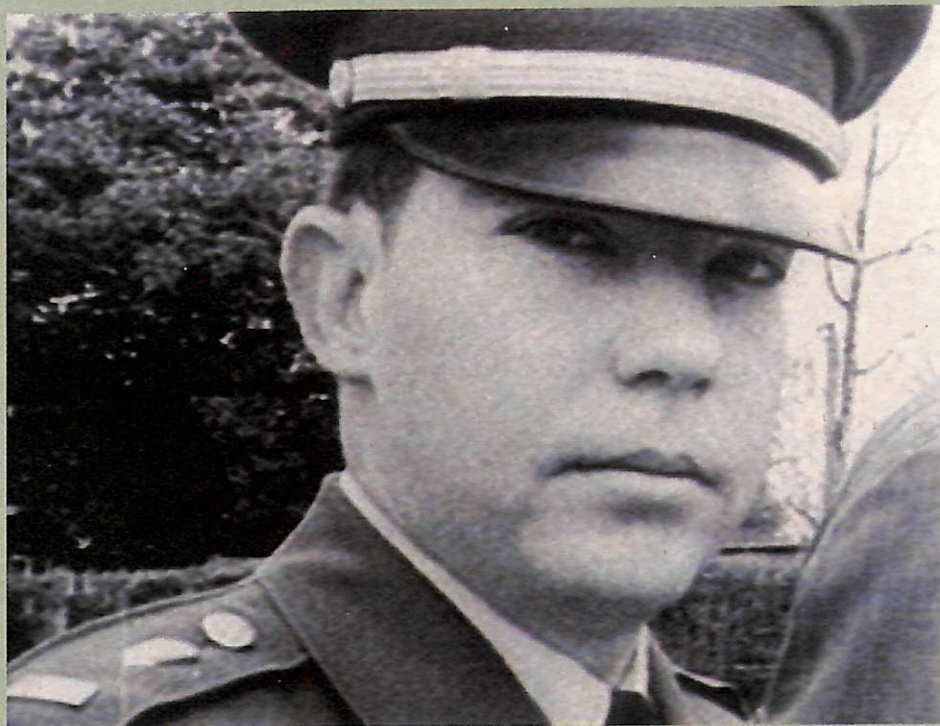
just crazy. I heard he took a machine gun and shot them all himself.” Again, I didn’t say, “Are you crazy? I’m going to get this in print as fast as I can.” Instead I must have nodded and said something about how it sure could hurt the Army and the war effort.

I was now in a hurry. The story was all around me. Anybody could get it. An unaffiliated freelancer, I was competing

with the TV networks, the *Washington Post* and *The New York Times*. I had to find Calley. I called Benning again, trying to be as discreet as possible. No, nobody knew where he was. Yes, Calley did have a civilian lawyer, but no, nobody knew what his name was.

I was stuck. To start putting questions about Calley to the Pentagon would tip off what I was up to. Finally, I turned again to

“MY LAST NAME IS MY LAI”



I am First Lieut. William L. Calley Jr. of My Lai,” the former platoon leader once said. “At least that’s what the world knows me as. My last name is My Lai.”

Twenty years have passed since he first made headlines, but the name My Lai still attaches itself to Rusty Calley, 45, who today works as a sales clerk in his father-in-law’s jewelry store in Columbus, Ga. Ever wary of photographers and reporters, Calley arranges each arrival and departure with the help of hand signals from colleagues.

He will not discuss Vietnam—or anything else—without a fee. “Sure, I’ve thought about what I went through and I have something to say about it,” he told *MEMORIES* associate editor Delphine Taylor, “but I’m not going to give it away.” His price for an hour-long

interview: \$28,700. We declined.

At his court-martial, which began Nov. 12, 1970, and lasted more than four months, Calley testified that he had only been following orders and had acted in the line of duty. “The only crime I have committed is in judgment,” he said. “Apparently I have valued my troops’ lives more than I did that of the enemy. When my troops were getting massacred and mauled by an enemy that I couldn’t see, I couldn’t feel and I couldn’t touch—that nobody in the military ever described as anything other than communism. They didn’t give it a race, they didn’t give it a sex, they didn’t give it an age. They never let me believe it was just a philosophy in a man’s mind.”

Though Calley’s conviction on three counts of premeditated murder origi-

nally carried with it a life sentence, he served only three years before being freed on bond and later paroled. Since his release, Calley has lived in Columbus, just outside Fort Benning. The townspeople held “rallies for Calley” throughout his trial and raised money for his defense. Guests at his 1976 wedding to Penny Vick included the mayor, the county sheriff and the judge who first set him free. The couple live in an affluent area near the jewelry store and have a son about 9 years old.

A few years ago Calley was denied a real estate license because of his felony conviction. “It’s got to be painful for him,” says a former Army colleague. “He would have made a career in the Army. He was a very good soldier.”

Rusty Calley still wears his reddish-brown hair closely cropped, but only a thin band of it remains. He wears bifocals, and his face is fuller than one remembers from the trial photographs. Calley disdains the press, he says, “because it takes cheap shots. I don’t like what they print about me.” And, he adds, “I don’t know why you’re bothering. This is not news. I don’t think of myself as news.” ■



Cowan, asking his help in finding Calley's lawyer. Within a few days, he came up with a name: Latimer. (To this day, I don't know how he got it.)

I started telephoning every lawyer named Latimer in Washington and, after a few calls, learned that there was a former Court of Military Appeals judge, George W. Latimer, who still handled court-martial cases out of Salt Lake City, where he lived. I just sensed he was my man. When I reached him on the phone, I told him, in essence, that I knew all about Calley and that I felt the Army was out to get him. Of course I misrepresented the extent of what I had learned, and of course I appeared to be more enthusiastic about getting Calley's account than I was. I viewed such misrepresentations then as part of my job. I wouldn't go so far today.

Still, I did have *some* information, and

the judge agreed to see me. Before leaving for Salt Lake City, I made copies of a number of Judge Latimer's Appeals Court opinions and arguments he had made as a private attorney, which I studied on the plane. I got to his office around noon on Monday, Oct. 29, and immediately began asking questions about one of his most recent oral arguments in a Vietnam murder case. It was overt flattery, perhaps a little more smarmy than usual, but standard operating procedure in my profession. (I still flatter people—perhaps a shade less blatantly—these days.)

I told him I'd heard that Calley slaughtered infants. Latimer said only that Calley had been under direct orders to engage in combat and there had been an exchange of fire with the Vietcong. "Whatever killing there was," he said, "was in a firefight in connection with an operation. To

me, the thing that's important is this: Why do we prosecute our own people while on a search-and-destroy mission and they kill some people, be they civilian or not? Is there a point in the chain of command where somebody could be tried? I think not." I kept my silence; Latimer was handing me a big chunk of the story on the record.

Now angry, the judge added, "Can you imagine them charging him with 109 deaths?" I answered that I thought the number was 127. (Again, standard operating procedure; always go with a higher number.) The judge was outraged that the Army would spread such lies about his client. He walked to a file, opened it and showed me the official Department of Army charge sheet, accusing Calley of the premeditated murder of "109 Oriental human beings."

"WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE THE GOOD GUYS"

By Delphine Taylor

Charlie Company's commander, **Capt. Ernest Medina**, has long denied that he gave any orders for indiscriminate killing, despite some soldiers' allegations to the contrary. Acquitted of murder charges and absolved of responsibility for the slaughter, Medina, now 52, resigned from the Army after 16½ years of service soon after his trial. He moved to Marinette, Wis., with his wife and three children to work for a helicopter company owned in part by his defense attorney, F. Lee Bailey. For the past 10 years Medina has run a real estate company. His two sons are in the Army.

"I have regrets for My Lai, but I have no guilt over it because I didn't cause it," Medina said last year. "That's not

what the military—particularly the United States Army—is trained for. But then again, maybe the war should never have happened."

With only one week left of his Vietnam tour of duty, Army photographer **Ron Haeberle** went along on the My Lai mission hoping to get some action shots. "I've always been an adventurous guy," he says today, "and the public-information office told us there'd be hard-core V.C. there in full combat." However, he recalls, "when they began rounding up civilians and shooting them, I knew there was something wrong." Despite the killing, no one seemed to mind his taking pictures (with one Army camera and two of his own). "The weirdest thing was when I was about to take a picture of a pile of bodies in a ditch. I didn't notice that a G.I. had knelt down right beside me. A small child was looking for his mother in the heap of bodies, and the G.I. just aimed and pulled the trigger. The bullet hit that baby and rolled him onto the top of the bodies. I just stood up and walked away."

When Haeberle returned home to Cleveland, he showed his My Lai slides to local groups "to see how people would react when I told them my story.

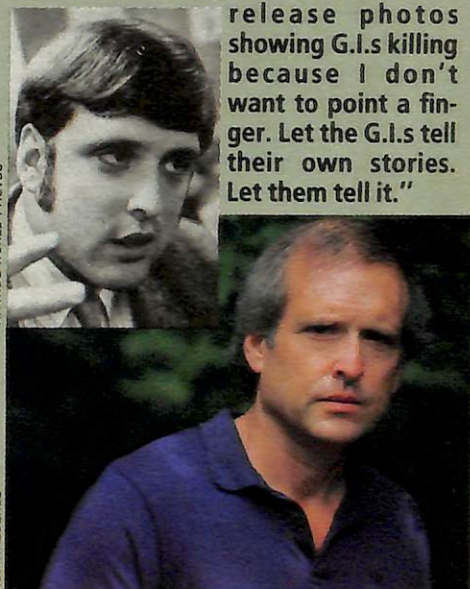
They could not believe that it actually had happened." It was not until Seymour Hersh broke the story that Haeberle took his photographs to the press. "I understand that my pictures helped bring about a turnaround in that stupid war," he says.

Today Haeberle, 47 and divorced, maintains inventory for a Cleveland vacuum-cleaner company. Most of the photographs he takes these days are of his 12-year-old daughter. "My feeling," he says, "is that we were all guilty that day. I'm as guilty as anyone else for not trying to stop it or report it." He hints he may have some My Lai pictures that have never been published. "I couldn't

release photos showing G.I.s killing because I don't want to point a finger. Let the G.I.s tell their own stories. Let them tell it."



UPI/BETTSMANN NEWSPHOTOS



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

RON HAEBERLE

Another rush. I now could legitimately have gone to a pay telephone, called up my old A.P. bureau in Washington, shouted "Bulletin!" and begun dictating directly on the A-wire to every major newspaper and television station in America and the world. I had enough.

(Did I worry about my manipulation of the judge? No more or less, I guess, than the Army worried about describing those killed at My Lai as "Oriental" human beings. The thought occurred that perhaps the military prosecutors had set up an algebraic formula: The deaths of 10 "Orientals" equaled that of one G.I.)

I instinctively knew I needed one more piece—an interview with Calley. Judge Latimer repeatedly assured me that Bill Calley was "a fine boy," but he wouldn't tell me where he was. I told him I assumed Calley was under lock and key somewhere

at Fort Benning and that I was going there. The judge said nothing.

I had no money to pay for all the traveling. An American Express card kept me going. (I have this recurring fantasy: "Do you know me? I uncovered a massacre with my American Express card.")

Fort Benning is a huge base with a headquarters unit surrounded by a series of outlying training and support sites, in some cases many miles apart. I get there early in the morning and park my rented car near the main PX. I look up Calley in a telephone book. Not there. I call information. Not listed. There's no Calley listed in the bachelor officers' quarters. I go to base personnel. No Calley. I try the movie club, the flying club, the sports club. No luck. Maybe he's actually locked up. I drive to the main post stockade, straighten

my tie, fix my jacket and pull right into the parking spot reserved for the stockade commander. Briefcase in hand, I stride purposefully into the office. The sergeant at the desk, I figure, has got to make me for a civilian attorney. I nod and say, "I'd like to see Bill Calley."

"Who?"

There's no Calley in the stockade.

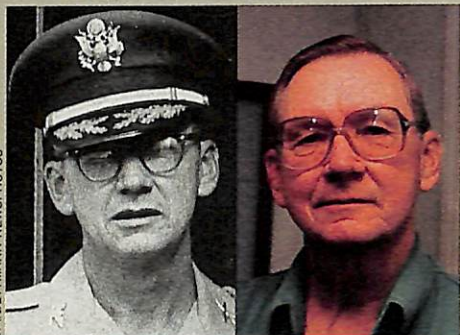
I spend the next hour driving to other stockades scattered around the base. Same story. Out of desperation, I walk into the office of the Judge Advocate General, the Army prosecutor. No doubt about knowledge here: This is the office, I know, that is conducting the Calley investigation.

It's lunch time; an old sergeant is manning the desk. I introduce myself as a Washington reporter and say I'm looking for Bill Calley. The sergeant is polite.

"Wait here, sir," he says. "I'll go get

Col. Oran K. Henderson, the highest-ranking officer tried for the My Lai incident, commanded the 11th Infantry Brigade, of which Charlie Company was a part. While he has never denied interviewing Hugh Thompson, Henderson maintains the helicopter pilot reported only "wild firing. He did not indicate, at least to me, that there had been any massacre."

Acquitted of charges that he tried to



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

ALLIED PRESS

cover up the tragedy by conducting an inadequate investigation, Henderson stayed in the Army until 1974. "It was one of those unfortunate things that happened and just wasn't passed up the chain of command," he says of My Lai. But he accepts some blame. "I should have known something went wrong," he admits. Three days after the operation, Henderson suffered a leg wound that restricted his movements. "If I had been smarter and gone off to a hospital," he says, "maybe someone who was physically fit could have taken over and discovered something."

After moving to Carlisle, Pa., Hender-

son, 69, a father of three, worked for the Pennsylvania Bicentennial Commission and was the director of the Pennsylvania Emergency Management Agency. He retired in 1980. Of My Lai he says, "We'd all like to put it behind us as something that didn't happen, shouldn't have happened, and hope will never happen again."

Harry Stanley, a 20-year-old machine-gunner in Lieutenant Calley's platoon, refused to fire that day in My Lai. "I had a duty to perform, and killing innocent people was not part of my duty," he says today. Stanley even flatly refused Calley's order to round up villagers to be executed. "I felt it was murder," he says. "He told me to shoot on people, and I told him no. He told me he would have me court-martialed, and I said, 'If you can do that, it's fine with me.'" Stanley never heard another word about the threat. But he did hear

other soldiers brag about what they'd done that day, and he says it turned his stomach. "There was one guy who killed an old man—shot him, slit his throat, put him in a well and then threw a grenade in after him, and he thought it was something to boast about," he recalls. "I followed orders, but only orders that were civilized."

Stanley believes the atrocities occurred in part because officers sanctioned revenge for the soldiers' fallen friends. He did not complain to superiors because, he says, "I had no right to tell anybody how to act." Now 41 and the father of three, Stanley works in a lumberyard in Gulfport, Miss. "No matter what you've done," he says, "right or wrong, you're the one who's going to have to live with it."

Kenneth Hodges enlisted in the Army in 1963, intending to make a career of it. More than 10 years later he was discharged for "substandard conduct" at My Lai. A sergeant with Charlie Company, Hodges believes "there was a revenge motive in some people's minds" as the men prepared to face the Vietcong. "The understanding I had and the understanding the other troops had was that everything was to be destroyed in that village," he says. "We had no time for reflection. The war was going on the next day and we had another operation." Hodges says that, after encountering no resistance, he and his men "carried out the orders as they



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the colonel for you right away."

I don't want the colonel; I want Calley. It's time to beat it. I begin walking away. The sergeant, obviously under orders, hollers, "No! No! You wait here." I'm running now. Out the door and down the street. Back to the PX for a hamburger.

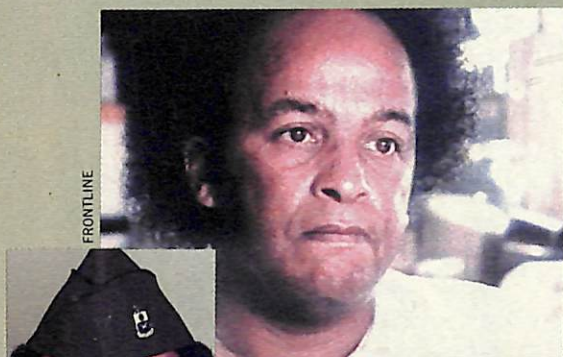
I'm chewing and brooding. I know he's somewhere on the base, but that's all I know. I find myself, almost reflexively, in a telephone booth. I suddenly notice that the telephone book is dated September 1969, brand new. Perhaps Calley was in a previous book and has deliberately been dropped from this one. Judge Latimer had told me that he first met Calley in August, shortly after Calley returned from South Vietnam. I grab the telephone and dial information. What I want, I tell the operator, is for her to check the last series of new listings for the June 1969 book. Bingo.

The operator tells me Calley was assigned upon arrival to an engineering company in a far corner of Benning.

The engineering company is housed in a three-story concrete building with six wings, each lined with two rows of very orderly double-bunk beds. I walk in, saucy and sure of myself. I ask the sergeant if the company commander is in. Yes, he is. I'm taken to meet a Captain Lewellen. He's overweight and flushes when I tell him I'm a reporter from Washington and I want to talk to Lieutenant Calley. Lewellen is so nervous that I can't help thinking I've got him. "I'm not authorized to talk about Calley," he says. In fact, he's under direct orders to call his colonel if asked about Calley. I don't want any calls to any colonel, so I attempt a strategic retreat. No sweat, I tell the captain. I don't want any hassle.

The captain, to my surprise, asks me to step outside with him for a moment. There he tells me he's 37 years old, that he's been in the Army 13 years and has been passed over twice for promotion to major. Once more and he's out, with no pension and no prospects. My questions, he says, are threatening his career. "I really want you to stop," Lewellen pleads. "You've got to promise me you're not going to go around here, because I can't even have you here. Please go. Please go. I'm sorry. I'm just trying to ask you like a man."*

*I learned later that Lewellen knew more about the massacre than most of the Army investigators. He had served in the same unit as Calley's in Vietnam and had the job of coordinating the communications for the March 16, 1968, My Lai mission. Lewellen, an audiophile, had taped the radio transmissions made during the massacre but made no effort at the time to report the crime. Lewellen must have viewed Calley's random assignment to his engineering company in the summer of 1969 as divine retribution.



were given," burning down hooches and killing villagers. "In the military, you are trained to follow orders," he says. "I was a professional soldier; I didn't ask a lot of questions."

During a second tour in Vietnam, Hodges was called back to the U.S. to face a court-martial for murder and rape. Although the charges were dropped, Hodges was discharged against his will in 1974. Now living in Dublin, Ga., Hodges, 44, recently overcame a drinking problem and was married for the third time. He has three children from previous marriages. For 15 years he has worked at a Veterans Administration hospital, where he transports patients. "At least I get a chance to help the vets," he says.

"I can remember that day," says **Jim Bergthold**, a 21-year-old private at My Lai who now suffers from post-traumatic stress disorder, the delayed ef-

fects of combat shock. Since returning from Vietnam, Bergthold has held many jobs—from selling flowers to driving a cab—but he has not been able to work for the past four years because of his illness. Although psychiatric treatment has ended his drug and alcohol dependency, he still must rely on medications to keep him calm. "Nobody knows what's going on inside my head except me," he says.

Bergthold, who has talked to the press about having killed a woman at My Lai, cannot talk or read about the incident without feeling anxious. Sharon McGrath, Bergthold's therapist since 1985, says he "has no self-esteem and has a tendency to shut things out," adding that he used to disappear every year on the anniversary of My Lai. Now 42, Bergthold lives with his wife of more than 20 years and their two teenage daughters in Niagara Falls, N.Y.



McGrath says he has made "remarkable progress" in recent years. He was able to buy a house with money he had saved from disability and Social Security checks. "He's learning to live with the past," says McGrath, "but it's not something he'll ever get over. How could you ever forget?"



Ron Ridenhour, a 21-year-old helicopter door-gunner who flew over My Lai days after the massacre, felt obligated to act after he heard firsthand reports from friends who had been there. Four months after his discharge, in March 1969, Ridenhour wrote to Washington officials about My Lai. His letters led to a new investigation. "I had to do something about it," he says today. "I was outraged." Still, he adds, "turning in my friends, some of them my best friends, was the most painful thing I've ever had to do in my life. It's just that I had to, or I'd be a part of it. At least My Lai brought the reality of the

I am now convinced that Calley is somewhere inside that barracks, and there is no way I'm going to let this weird captain get in my way. No sweat, I tell him again, if you don't want me around, I'm out of here.

The captain returns to his office. I wait a few moments and then tiptoe past his outer office and up the stairway. It's midafternoon, the troops are in the field, but Calley's here somewhere. I start on the top floor and walk through three wings of double bunks, vividly recalling all those beds I made so neatly when I was in the Army. No Calley. Finally, on the second floor, I see a body on a bunk. I play it tough and kick the side of the bed as hard as I can. "Get up, Calley!" I yell. Up pops this very blond kid of about 20; his name tag reads something like Olszewski.

"You're not Calley," I say.

"Who?"

"Forget it," I tell him, adding that I'm sorry I kicked his bed. He shrugs—being in the Army seems to lower one's threshold of outrage. I'm disappointed but very curious. "What the hell are you doing sleeping in the middle of the afternoon?" I ask him. He a six-month reservist finishing up his active duty and his records got lost just as he was to be discharged. We talk about the fucked-up Army, every soldier's favorite subject, for a few moments, and I ask: "What do you do all day?" He sleeps a lot, he says. The big daily event is when he sorts the mail.

"Mail?" I say. "Ever hear of a guy named Calley?"

"You mean the guy that killed all those people."

"That's the guy."

The kid says yeah, he sorted Calley's

mail for weeks, but now Smitty's doing it. The kid giggles. Smitty, who's the clerk at battalion headquarters, has just been busted from sergeant to private. Patches torn right off. I ask the kid to help me get to Smitty.

"No way."

"Take me over there?"

"No way."

Then I make a big-league move. This is a kid who spends his days doing nothing.

"What time you got?"

I synchronize my watch with his.

"Okay," I say. "I have a blue Ford. In exactly five minutes I'm going to wheel around the back entrance to the barracks. Exactly five. You dash out, hop in the car, show me where to go."

"Well . . . okay," he says. He can't resist the action.

He's right there when I drive up to the

war home to people unwilling to face it. I don't regret what I had to do."

Ridenhour went back to Vietnam as a civilian for a year in 1970 before returning home to finish college. Now 42 and divorced, he's a freelance journalist in New Orleans. In 1988 he won the prestigious George Polk Award for local reporting. Though he maintains that "everybody's got to be responsible for his own conduct," he thinks the G.I.s at My Lai "were victims who bore the brunt of what was really an official policy."

Paul Meadlo, a 21-year-old rifleman with Charlie Company, stepped on a mine and lost his right foot the day after My Lai. "I got a permanent reminder," he told the Associated Press last year. "It must have been God's plan." On Nov. 24, 1969, Meadlo admitted on *60 Minutes* that he killed at least 40 Vietnamese

at My Lai. He later testified with immunity at Lieut. William Calley's court-martial, saying that he had participated in the killings because he considered the victims to have been Vietcong. "It's just something you've got to live with," he said last year. "Eventually you've got to cross it out of your mind and go on with your life."

Now 42 and living in Terre Haute, Ind., Meadlo says that because of his injury he had difficulty getting work

when he left the Army, but eventually he found a job with a plastics company. After 20 years there, he was laid off recently. Both Meadlo's son and daughter are in the Army.

Warrant Officer **Hugh Thompson**, flying reconnaissance over My Lai, brought his helicopter down when his crew spotted a ditch filled with bodies, some of which were still moving. "We went to talk to the [American soldiers] to tell them there were wounded women and children who needed help. They said, 'Okay, we'll take care of it.'" When Thompson took off again, his crew chief saw the soldiers shooting into the ditch. "Thoughts were going through my head as to how those people originally got into that ditch," Thompson remembers. He reluctantly came to the conclusion that "those suckers were marched down into the ditch and were executed. It didn't make me feel too happy because we were supposed to be the good guys."

He landed his helicopter a second time when he saw villagers in a bunker hiding from advancing American troops. When he told a U.S. sergeant to hold his fire while he and his crew evacuated the civilians, the sergeant answered, "We can get 'em out with a hand grenade." Thompson then told his crew to fire on their fellow soldiers if the sergeant and his men opened up on the villagers.

Thompson reported to his platoon

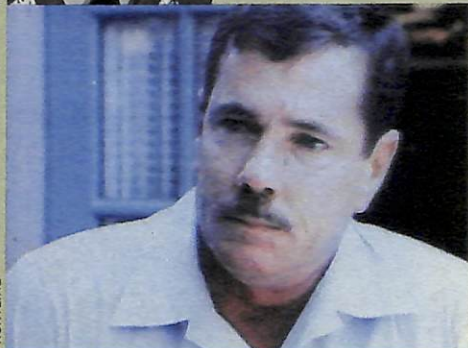
leader what he had seen and done and, a few days later, was called to task force headquarters to be debriefed by the brigade commander, Col. Oran K. Henderson. "He said he would check into it," Thompson says, but it was not until months later, back in the U.S., that he heard of My Lai again.

Thompson was awarded a Distinguished Flying Cross for evacuating the civilians who survived the massacre, and he remained in the Army until 1983. Now a pilot for a company that supports oil drilling off the coast of Louisiana, Thompson, 46, a divorced father of three, lives in Broussard, La. He says he bears the Army no ill will. "Just because something went wrong that day," he says, "it doesn't mean that everything

about the Army is bad." He notes that the My Lai massacre turns up as an object lesson in Army manuals. "This has happened before," Thompson says the manuals warn. "Do not ever let this happen again."



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



FRONTLINE

back entrance, and he guides me to battalion headquarters, an old, one-story wooden barracks. It's a beautiful Indian summer afternoon. An overweight sergeant is manicuring his gold teeth with a toothpick and rocking back and forth on a folding chair against the open screen door of the headquarters. He is almost a caricature of the enlisted "lifer." I drive up snappily, park my car in the battalion commander's spot, tighten my tie, grab my briefcase, jump out of the car and say to the sergeant, "Tell Smitty I want him out here right away!" The sergeant smiles. He probably figures that Smitty's ass is in the grass again. He jumps up. "Yes, sir." A minute later Smitty appears.

He's nervous. I tell him to get in the car. I tell him who I am and that I know he handles Calley's mail. He says he doesn't handle it anymore. Some higher-up ordered it sent to a different locale. I slump in despair.

Smitty wants to help.

"The only thing I know," he says, nodding toward the headquarters building, "is that we've got his personnel file in there." But he can't give it to me. "I'd

have to steal it" I say nothing for a moment. I'm hoping he's thinking about those stripes he lost.

"Come on," I say.

"I don't know."

"Come on!"

"Well, wait here."

Smitty disappears inside. A few minutes later, he gets back in the car, reaches under his uniform blouse and produces Calley's file. Right on top is a copy of the Army charge sheet that Judge Latimer had shown me. The file also includes his address, right outside the base.

By now it's after 4 P.M.—rush hour at Benning. I bid Smitty goodbye and drive to the address, a small house in a quiet section of Columbus. Three Vietnam-bound second lieutenants, freshly minted from West Point, pull in before me. They turn out to be Calley's former roommates. I introduce myself and tell them who I'm looking for. They can't help me, they say; Calley's whereabouts is an official secret. But they invite me in and, over Scotch, tell me Calley's version of what happened—it was a firefight and there were a lot of casualties on all sides. Calley was John

Wayne taking on the Indians, and the young lieutenants were the 8-year-old kids in the audience eating popcorn. Not a slaughter of the innocents. No, sir.

After a couple more Scotches, I manage to learn that Calley's been assigned to the senior bachelor officers' quarters. I'm stunned. I'd checked every junior BOQ, but it never occurred to me that a lowly lieutenant would be billeted with majors, colonels and generals. The Army was more imaginative than I'd thought.

The Benning senior officers' quarters are three large, two-story apartment-style buildings with tennis courts nearby. There are maybe 80 rooms in each, 240 doors to knock on. I hadn't thought anything out; I just was going to keep knocking on doors until I found Calley. With each knock, I say in my cheeriest voice: "Bill? Bill Calley?" About half the rooms are empty. Occupants in others say, "Wrong door." Many are drinking; nobody volunteers anything about Bill Calley. By the time I've completed one swing through each building, it is dark.

I'm exhausted; I haven't eaten. I've got to get some sleep. My plan is to check into

Constipated?

You may have to take this much fiber laxative for as many as three days to get relief.



Monday



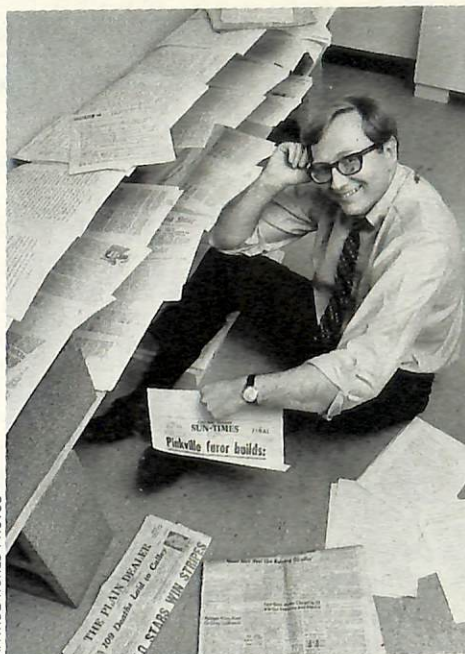
Tuesday



Wednesday

the nearest motel, but instead I find myself standing at the entrance to the parking lot, stopping every car coming in or going out. "Bill? Bill Calley?" An hour passes in this way. Now it's nearly 10 P.M. I've got to crash. I begin walking to my car, cutting across the parking lot, when I see a car with the hood up and two guys poking at the engine. I walk over. "Bill? Bill Calley?" One of the men stands up, wipes his hands carefully, and says, "He's over there. 202."

The man is a friend of Calley's; he wants to know why I'm looking for him. I tell him. He's a Vietnam veteran, a senior Army warrant officer who'd flown helicopter gunships. Bloody business. He lives on the floor below Calley. He walks me to Calley's door; no answer. The officer then invites me to his room to talk about Calley, Vietnam, the massacre. Calley's told him his version of events at My Lai, but the officer, with his experience, clearly finds it hard to believe. Yet he feels sorry for Calley. "The poor kid, he's throwing up every night, he feels so bad. He's puking blood. It's really been rough on him."



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We drink Scotch and talk. The warrant officer assures me that Calley will soon return. He's out racing his boat on a nearby lake. The officer wants me to drink and talk about the war some more. I can't. It's

almost midnight. I need sleep.

I now know I'm going to find Calley and interview him—even if I have to come back at 4:30 in the morning. One last drink and out the door. The warrant officer and I are standing in the doorway to the main building; I remember the outside light above the door was burned out. The officer wants me to stay and drink some more and talk about the war some more; he'd just returned and, like many decent men, was greatly troubled by what he and others were doing there.

"Nah," I say, "gotta go." I begin walking away, to my car. Then he hollers, "Wait. Here's Rusty. I want you to meet this guy." I say no way, and he says, "It's Calley." Everybody, it turns out, knows Lieut. William Calley as Rusty. It was the first time I'd heard his nickname.

He is slight. Pale. Translucent skin. Very nervous. He knew who I was—his lawyer had told him I was looking for him—and I think he understood in some primitive way that we would talk and then I would write and his life would never be the same again. He was right. Neither would mine. ■



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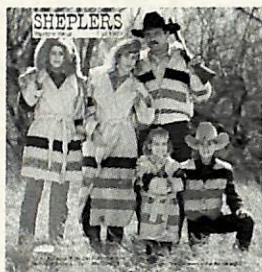
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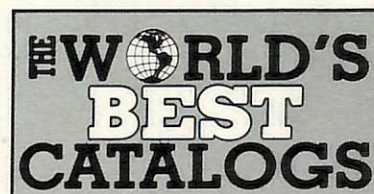
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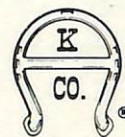


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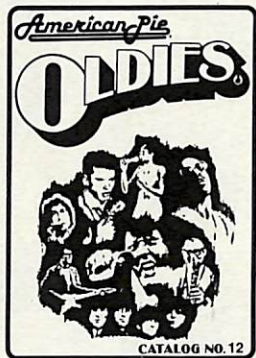
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Above: Lee J. Cobb (right) with Mildred Dunnock, Arthur Kennedy and Cameron Mitchell, 1949.
Below, left: Thomas Mitchell (center) with Darren McGavin (left) and Paul Langton, 1950.



Pat Hingle, 1976



Robert Prosky with Howard Witt, 1976



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